

The Mercury.

THE MERCURY PUBLISHING CO
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NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1858, and is now in its one hundred and fifty-fourth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, and with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns, filled with interesting reading—editorial, state, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable farmers' and household departments. Reading so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

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SOCIETIES OCCUPYING MERCURY HALL
ROOM WILLIAMS LODGE, No. 224, Order Sons of St. George—Harry Dawson, President; Fred Hall, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Mondays. 12, 10

THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY—Andrew B. Meikle, President; Daniel J. Coughlin, Secretary. Meets 2d and 4th Tuesdays. 12, 10

ADMIRAL THOMAS CAMP, Spanish War Veterans. Meets 1st and 3rd Thursdays. Commander, Frederick J. Buehler, Adjutant, Gus Segura. 12, 10

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 11)—President, Miss Mary E. Sullivan; Secretary, Mrs. James Lynch. Meets 2nd and 4th Thursdays. 12, 10

REDWOOD LODGE, No. 11, K. of P.—James O. Welton, Commander; Robert H. Franklin, Keeper of Records and Seal. Meets 1st and 3rd Fridays. 12, 10

DAVIS DIVISION, No. 8, U. R. C. of P. St. Knight Captain P. A. C. Stuart, W. Schwarz, Recorder. Meets 1st, 3rd and 5th Fridays. 7, 11

CLAN MOLLOD, No. 104—Hush S. Meikle, Chief; Alexander Miller, Secretary. Meets 2nd and 4th Fridays. 12, 10

NEWPORT LODGE, No. 228, Independent Order Sons of Benjamin—Louis Lusk, President; Louis W. Kretz, Secretary. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays. 12, 10

Local Matters.

Qualified to Vote.

The voting lists to be used in the election next Tuesday are now completed and are being printed at the MERCURY Office. There were quite a number of names removed at the last canvass by the board of aldermen, principally of those who had not paid their personal property taxes, as the list is considerably smaller than the list reported two weeks ago, but is very nearly the same as it was one year ago. At that time there were 5237 persons in Newport entitled to vote at the State election. This year the number is 5232, showing a gain over last year of 45 names. The first representative district gains one over last year, the second loses seven, the third loses 12, the fourth gains 53, and the fifth gains five. There are 1618 real estate voters in the city, 2247 personal property voters, and 1089 registry voters. The following table shows the voters in each voting district of the city:

District	Real	Personal	Reg.	Total
First	244	307	124	675
Second	611	402	238	1251
Third	1229	898	729	2856
Fourth	229	418	223	870
Fifth	421	357	148	926
Totals	1916	2247	1089	5252

A special meeting of the representatives council has been called for Wednesday evening, November 8. The meeting is called in accordance with the request of the board of aldermen and is for the purpose of considering matters in connection with the report of the committee on Easton's Beach. There will probably be other matters brought up also, as there are several committees that have reports to make. What action will be taken on the Beach report cannot be foretold, but it is likely that there will be some discussion over it. The committee recommends that the matter of improving the Beach be submitted to the people, and if this is to be done it will probably be on the ballot at the city election in December in order to avoid the trouble and expense of a special election.

Charles F. Waterman, who was taken into custody by Inspector Tobin last week after suspicious actions in the store of Simon Hart and other places, was arraigned in the District Court on Tuesday, charged with being an idle person. The charge was withdrawn by the city solicitor but as soon as the man was released he was again arrested on a warrant at the request of the Boston police. He is known to the police of that city and is wanted there. That is the reason that the Newport charges were dropped.

Ready for Election.

With the trails all over but one, which will be held to-night, everything seems to be in readiness for the State election that will take place next Tuesday. There seems to be little excitement in the air, and the probabilities are that the total vote will be rather small.

The preparations for the election on the part of the city have been practically completed. The temporary voting booths for use in the small voting districts have been erected and will be in readiness for use on the day of the election. The attendants in these booths find their jobs easy as compared with the larger districts, the true appreciation coming when it is time to count the votes after the polls are closed. It takes but a few minutes in the small district, while in the large one it occupies a large part of the night.

Last Tuesday night was the last time for paying personal property taxes in order to be qualified to vote at the State election, all those not paid at the time of closing the office having their names removed from the voting lists. In consequence it was a strenuous evening for Tax Collector Higgins and it was well into Wednesday morning before he was able to get his accounts straightened up and start for home. While his work was at its height the electric lights went out and for a time the office was in total darkness. The gas jets were called into use for probably the first time since the building was erected.

Wednesday morning the board of aldermen met at a board of canvassers to go over the voting lists to be used at the election. There was a list of persons assessed for personal property taxes who had not paid such taxes, presented by the tax collector, and these names were removed from the list. In addition there were many changes of residence reported, and after approving the changes the board turned the work over to City Clerk Fullerton to complete. This job was no sinecure and it was not until nearly eight o'clock Wednesday evening that he had the changes completed, and after that the lists had to be gone over Thursday morning to remove the duplications of names.

It is probable that the most excitement on election day will be found in the second and fourth districts. In the second the friends of Horace N. Henshaw are trying to increase the majority that he received last year over William E. Mumford, when the election was retrograde. In the fourth the Democrats believe that they can hold the district this year, but the Republicans will put up a strong fight to elect Mr. Power. This is the district where Mr. Beeckman was elected last year after a strenuous campaign. In the other districts the fight will be perfunctory to a large extent, the result being certain before the votes are cast.

The coroner's verdict in the case of Mrs. Lillian C. Nickerson was filed in the office of Clerk Harvey of the Superior Court on Wednesday. The report was under seal as required by law. It is understood that the coroner finds that the woman came to her death by violence at the hands of some person unknown. The body of Mrs. Nickerson was found on the shore at Little Compton in July last after she had taken passage on a Joy Line steamer for New York. Popular belief at the time of the investigation was that she had been murdered, but no person has ever been apprehended for the crime if one was committed. The inquest was conducted by Coroner D. Franklin Gifford of Little Compton.

A complete fire alarm system is being installed at the Training Station by the Gamewell company, and will soon be in serviceable order. There will be four regular alarm boxes, and a universal box at "headquarters," which in this case will be the telephone exchange. The station is well equipped to handle any fire there promptly, and is also ready to render aid as an auxiliary to the Newport fire department in case of need.

Hon. George Peabody Wetmore, who has been seriously ill with pneumonia at the Government hospital in Colorado, is reported as much improved in health and hopes to start for home before long. Mrs. Wetmore has gone to the Canal Zone, accompanied by a trained nurse, as the first reports from Senator Wetmore's condition were of an alarming nature. Senator Wetmore has been at the Canal for some time, making an inspection of the work in company with a Congressional committee.

Monday night next the members of Redwood Lodge No. 11, K. of P., accompanied by the U. S. Seventh Artillery Band will go to Fall River to be the guests of Pocomet Lodge of that city. The lodge will go by special cars on the Newport and Fall River line, and return the same way. The officers of the Fall River lodge will confer the third rank on some eight or ten from Newport.

Republican Rally.

The first local rally of the fall campaign was held in Odd Fellows Hall on Monday evening, when two local speakers and two from out of the city made interesting addresses for the advancement of the Republican party. The attendance was not large and the hall was far from being filled, but it was a good night to be on the street, and the people did not care to come in doors. They would have heard some good speaking if they had, and sound arguments advanced in favor of the Republican policies.

Hon. William Paine Sheffield presided as chairman and made the opening address. He said that the people of the State are proud of the party and of the men that it has put forward to represent it. He dealt at considerable length on the Democratic plea for a constitutional convention to revise the constitution, showing that if their votes had not defeated the amendment proposed some years ago, there might this year have been a legal convention for that purpose. But that amendment having been defeated, it is absolutely impossible to have a convention for that purpose, and the constitution can be amended in no other way than that provided within the instrument itself.

The next speaker was Mr. Herbert A. Rice, a new figure in the political field. Mr. Rice is the nominee for Attorney General and those who heard him speak decided immediately that he was the man that they wanted in the responsible position. He said that the office of Attorney General is not one that should be dominated by politics, and that a man's mere political beliefs should not have any weight with his official conduct in the office. His duty is to enforce the laws as they are found; not to make the laws for himself or for others. He dwelt at some length upon the matter of tariff revision, showing how the revision is to be made, according to the Underwood bill, by the Democrats of the South and West for the benefit of their sections of the country and at the expense of New England's industries. He said that Rhode Island had a vital interest in this matter, and urged a Republican victory at this election as a protest against such slaughter of Rhode Island's industries.

Mr. Max Levy, who is a candidate for Representative from the third district, was presented as the next speaker. He expressed his appreciation of the honor done him in nominating him for the position, and endorsed the platform adopted by the Republican State Convention. He spoke of the tariff issue and told of the troubles times that followed the passage of the last Democratic free trade bill, when men walked the streets without work and without food. He endorsed the administration of Governor Pothier and spoke of the strong measures that had been incorporated into the Republican platform.

The last speaker was Colonel H. Anthony Dyer, who spoke upon the necessity of a Republican administration for the benefit of the people of Rhode Island. In closing he spoke briefly in Italian for those of that nationality who were in the hall.

The Newport Military Band furnished music during the evening.

Mrs. Jane A. King died at her home on Cherry street on Wednesday after a long illness. She was a sister of Mr. William Hamilton and of Mr. Robert P. Hamilton, and was the widow of Nicholas King, who died several years ago. She is survived by two sons, Nicholas King, Jr., and William Hamilton King, and one daughter, Miss Melbie King. She had been for many years a member of the United Congregational Church.

Mr. Rudolph Lewis has removed from the Lime Rock Light and the Lewis family is no longer in charge there. Since the death of his sister, Ida Lewis, Mr. Lewis has not cared to remain at the light and asked that someone be sent as soon as possible to relieve him. It is not impossible that the light may be abolished or so changed that a light keeper will be no longer necessary there.

New Bedford was represented in Newport on Wednesday by Mayor Ashley and members of the board of aldermen, who came over to look at the new road pavement laid with Diamond Hill stone. This stone is getting a splendid reputation for its fine blinding and wearing qualities.

Mr. Joseph D. Peckham, who has been engaged in the milk business on the old Battery farm in the southern part of the city for many years, has been obliged to dispose of his plant at auction on account of failing health.

Colonel George R. Fearling is at his cottage on Narragansett avenue and is looking after the extensive improvements that are being made there.

Herbert Wade of Portsmouth, a ship carpenter who had worked in the ship yards here, died suddenly in Fall River on Sunday last.

Republican Club Dinner.

The eighth annual dinner of the Young Men's Republican Club was held at Realty Hall on Thursday evening, and like its predecessors was a success in every particular. There was a large attendance, more than 450 diners being served, and all remained to listen to the excellent speaking afterward. The menu was well selected and the service was more prompt than it has been in some years. The crowd was handled with less delay than usual, and the uncomfortable crowding before the dinner was avoided.

The hour set for the dinner was seven o'clock and it was only a little past that time when the guests were admitted to the big hall. There were eight large tables laid, with places for 450 people. The table for the speakers stood on the platform which was carried out to the full width of the hall. Just below it was another table across the hall for the invited guests, and from this six tables extended the length of the hall. The American flag was used for decorations, and the tables were further decorated by vases of flowers under the direction of Mr. Alex. McWilliam.

After the members of the club and their guests had found seats, the speakers were escorted to the platform, amid the cheers of the crowd and the waving of flags, while the band played "Hail to the Chief." Those occupying seats on the platform were President Edward A. Sherman, Governor Aram J. Pothier, Congressman George H. Utter, Colonel Ambrose Kennedy, Mr. Percy W. Gardner, General Charles A. Wilson, Hon. William Paine Sheffield, Hon. David J. White, Mr. R. Livingston Beeckman, Mr. Horace N. Henshaw, Mr. Max Levy, Mr. Arthur Power, Rev. William L. Essex, Senator John P. Sautors, Vice President William R. Harvey, Treasurer Willard J. Pike, Hon. F. P. Garrettsen, Postmaster Robert S. Burlingame, and Representative Robert S. Franklin. Congressman Utter, Mr. Gardner and Mr. White arrived late with a large contingent from Jamestown, and were given a rousing welcome when they entered the hall.

After the divine blessing had been invoked by Rev. Mr. Essex the company fell to with a will and were ready for all the good things that Chester Muenchinger could supply them. There was a large corps of waiters and in spite of the inadequate arrangement of the hall it was not long before all were busy with the supply. The dinner was one of the best that has ever been served, the principal feature being the roast turkey and all the fixings.

After the duty of disposing of this supply had been disposed of, cigars were lighted and President Sherman called the meeting to order. He was greeted with prolonged applause as he arose to speak. He made a short address, in which he spoke of the illness of Senator Wetmore, and the mention of his name brought three cheers given with a will. His reference to General Wilson, the new party leader, also brought a hearty cheer. Mr. Sherman told of what the party is doing for the young men and what the young men are doing for the party, and briefly spoke of the tax laws that are now pending in the Legislature.

The first speaker of the evening was Colonel Ambrose Kennedy of the Governor's staff and a member of the Legislature for Woonsocket. He told of the three years' work of Governor Pothier and what he is trying to do for the State. He went into the matter of the tax bills at some length, and assailed the leader of the Democratic party for his attitude on this and other questions. Colonel Kennedy has an excellent voice and was followed with the closest attention.

The gathering then sang "Our Governor," to the air of "All Alone," the singing being led by the Y. M. R. C. Choir, under the leadership of Col. Frank P. King. As on previous occasions the words of this and another song that followed were written especially for the occasion.

The next speaker was Governor Pothier, and he was heartily welcomed when he arose to speak. His address was interesting, dealing with the important questions of the day in State affairs, and assuring for the support of the people in order that he might bring to pass measures for which he had been working during his entire career. At the conclusion of his address the song "Rhode Island's Governor," was given with a will.

Congressman Utter was presented as the next speaker and made one of the finest addresses ever heard in Newport. Although his principal topic was the tariff, he brought this dry subject home to his audience in a very interesting manner, and was followed with the closest attention. Mr. Percy W. Gardner was then presented and spoke a few words in closing.

The steamer Commonwealth has been taken off the Fall River line to be laid up, and the steamer Plymouth has gone on in her place.

Y. M. C. A. Dedication.

The date for the dedication of the new Army & Navy Y. M. C. A. building has been definitely set for Friday, November 17, but President Taft will not be able to attend as he had promised. It was expected that the President would come to Newport for the laying of the cornerstone, but at the last moment he was obliged to withdraw his acceptance of the invitation on account of the press of other matters. He then said that he would surely come at the time of the dedication, but this time finds him traveling to the far West, with much work to be done when he returns to Washington. He is therefore obliged to again withdraw his acceptance.

The United States government will be adequately represented at the dedication, however. General Leonard Wood, chief of the general staff of the United States Army, will attend as the personal representative of the President, and there will also be high officials of both the army and navy. The hour set for the exercises is 11 o'clock in the morning, and the public will probably be invited to attend. An elaborate programme is being prepared and calls for the participation of men from both branches of the service. It will probably be a gala occasion in Newport, even though it is a disappointment not to be able to have the President here.

Chinaman Found Dead.

Leo Hol, proprietor of the Chinese laundry on Thames street near Holland, was found dead in his place of business last Sunday noon. After inspection of the body by the medical examiner it was announced that death was due to natural causes, and the remains were removed to Providence for interment there. He had been in poor health for some time, and of late his health failed rapidly so that his death was no great surprise. He had made his home in Newport for many years and was a familiar figure in that section of the city. He was about fifty-seven years of age.

The body was found by a customer, Joseph Cappuccilli, when he called to get his laundry Sunday upon. Finding no one in the front of the little establishment he investigated in the back room and there found the body. The dead man had a knife in his hand and had apparently been engaged in preparing his breakfast when stricken by death.

By the will of the late William Cutting, Jr., which was filed for probate in this city on Monday, the bulk of his estate goes to his mother, Mrs. Brockholm Cutting. There is a substantial bequest to his cousin, Annette H. De Vriere, daughter of Heyward Cutting, but aside from this practically the whole estate goes to his mother. The will was made in New York in 1903 and Mr. Cutting died in Paris last summer. Since his death his mother has been occupying the Cutting property in this city, which had been closed for some years.

A launching party containing some amateur fishermen from Newport had a narrow escape from disaster off the Jamestown shore last Sunday. The motor boat in which they were fishing broke adrift and before the engine could be started drifted in toward Kettle Bottom. When she struck the rocks, one of the men was thrown overboard and for a time things were very lively. Then the launch Newton came along and threw them a line. The damaged launch was towed to Newport without further mishap.

A strong oratorical team is coming down from Providence to take part in the Democratic rally in this city next Saturday evening. Congressman George F. O'Shaunessy, Judge Frank F. Fitzsimmons, and ex-Governor James H. Higgins will be in the party and they will probably warm things up a bit before they leave. Mayor Patrick J. Boyle will preside at the rally, which will be held at Realty Hall.

The three-act drama, "A Romance of the Golden West," was successfully presented in Masonic Hall on Tuesday evening by the members of the Walter Lowrie Club. The acting was of a high order of merit and made a finished production. The attendance was good; the net receipts were very satisfactory.

The annual memorial service of the Walter Lowrie Club was held at the chapel on Van Zandt avenue last Sunday afternoon with a large attendance.

The park commission has arranged to keep the public comfort station on Washington square open through the winter.

Rev. Gustavus A. Hullert, pastor of the United Congregational Church, has been confined to his home by illness.

Mr. Angus McLeod has been confined to his home by illness for the past week.

Wedding Bells.

Gold—Lull.
The wedding of Miss Isadore Chase-Lull, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Warren Lull, and Mr. Warren Furber Gould of Malden, Mass., took place at the Chaunting Memorial Church on Tuesday evening in the presence of a gathering that taxed the seating capacity of the large church to its utmost. The decorations in the church were limited to a display of palms and potted plants about the chancel, which proved very effective.

The bride entered the church on the arm of her father who gave her away. Her gown was of liberty satin and Point d'Esprit lace with pearl trimmings, the tulle veil being banded with orange blossoms. The bride's bouquet was of lilies of the valley in shower effect.

The bridal party was headed by the six ushers, Messrs. Edwin J. Hyblu of Lowell, Howard M. Bartlett of Malden, William J. O'Meara of New York, Herbert W. Rice of Providence, Dr. John H. Blodgett of Boston, and Alfred G. Chaffee of Providence. Miss Rena Harwood Chase of Leominster, a cousin of the bride, was the maid of honor, and the bridesmaids were Miss Miriam Gould and Miss Rosemond Gould of Malden, sisters of the groom; Mrs. Ralph B. Barker, Jr., of this city, and Miss Edna H. Bowles of East Orange, N. J. Mr. Bertram Chacever Gould of Malden, brother of the groom, was the best man.

The ceremony was performed by Rev. William Safford Jones, minister of the church, and during the entire service the subdued strains of the organ were heard.

Following the ceremony a reception was held in the Chaunting parlors, which were very attractively decorated for the occasion. The receiving party consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Gould, Mr. and Mrs. Lull, parents of the bride; and Mr. and Mrs. George L. Gould of Malden, parents of the groom. A buffet lunch was served and music was furnished by the Amphion Orchestra. Mr. and Mrs. Gould left for a wedding trip through New Hampshire, and will make their future home in Hingham, Mass.

At the meeting of the board of aldermen on Thursday evening City Solicitor Sullivan presented an opinion stating that he believed that the old city council had no right to bind the city to purchase the buildings on the Beach after the expiration of the lease. It appeared, however, that it would do no harm to have an appraisal of the buildings made, so the offer of the Easton's Beach Company to sell the buildings at their price was formally refused, and an appraiser was appointed.

As soon as the motors arrive, and are installed the new sewerage system in the second ward will be ready for business. The work has gone forward steadily since it was started, and before long the people of that section will find the relief that they have sought for years.

Mr. James H. Comstock, formerly of Newport, has been visiting relatives in this city this week.

MIDDLETOWN.

The first entertainment ever undertaken by the Women's Foreign Missionary Society was held at the Methodist Church Monday evening and was a surprising success, socially and financially. An interesting and instructive program was presented under the direction of the pastor's wife, Mrs. Edward E. Wells which included singing by the ladies quartet, (a recent addition to the church) readings and musical exercises by the children, and a clever and humorous dialogue by the young women of the church entitled, "Aunt Polly Jones the Missionary Society." Light refreshments were served in the dining hall below at the close of the entertainment, the decorations and tickets being of a Halloween nature. The only light used was that furnished by unique candlesticks made from various vegetables, also others of glass, silver, brass and china, set in red berries and autumn leaves, with red and green candles, and, by Jack o' lanterns in the window ways. While the affair was a free public entertainment the offering and sale of refreshments netted nearly \$25.00.

Considerable malicious damage was done at the Paradise School on the eve of Halloween. The bachelors were out on the flagpole which is on the roof, windows broken, the plank walk and outbuildings damaged, also the pump, and the gate unhooked and placed across the entrance door. Mr. Edward J. Peckham, a neighbor, and his man, rendered immediate and valuable assistance in straightening out matters so that school could proceed. The matter will be placed in the hands of the town authorities for investigation and prosecution as this seems to be the only direct subject to such marauding.

The E. J. Club will resume its socials for the winter on Friday evening November 10th at Oakland Hall.

Memorial services for the dedication of a tablet, to the late Bishop Clarke will be held on Sunday morning November 5th at 11 o'clock at the Berkeley Memorial Chapel.

The 6 schools of the town were closed Friday of this week on account of the Teacher's Institute at Providence.

THE MAN HIGHER UP

By HENRY RUSSELL
MILLER

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CHAPTER XIV. SANGER'S OFFER.

LATE in the evening a few days after his call on Mrs. Gilbert Bob returned home from a hard day's work. The election was only a month away, and the campaign was in full swing. There had been little in the reports to annoy him. His organization was intact, working like the well oiled machine it was. Reports from the enemy's camp gave further cause for satisfaction. The independent Democratic candidate was not making the headway expected. Yet Bob went home disturbed in mind. The day had been passed among men who were devoting their time and energy to his interest. But through all their conferences he had been conscious of an unaccustomed, oppressive sense of loneliness, and he had not seen Remington since their interview in his office.

When he entered the house he saw Kathleen sitting in the library sewing. She looked up with a bright smile as he hesitated before the door.

"May I come in?" he queried as though not quite sure of his welcome. "Since when, this timidity?" she laughed. "Of course, come in. I was just thinking about you. Mother was bewailing today that we don't see much of you now the campaign has started."

"Well," he looked at his watch. "If it won't make you sleepy, I'll let you accompany my company for half an hour."

"You speak as though my company were bad medicine!" But before he could answer the door-bell rang. He frowned.

"I had forgotten," he exclaimed regretfully. "I have an appointment with Sanger at 10."

Kathleen gathered up her sewing and arose. He looked at her doubtfully. "If you don't mind, I wish you'd stay. It may be just as well to have a third person present."

"But Mr. Sanger may not like it," she objected hesitatingly.

"Mr. Sanger may like it or not," Bob observed carelessly. "Sit down."

He went to the door himself and let Sanger in. A minute later the two men entered the library. Kathleen saw a tall man in evening dress, who bore himself with an air of quiet confidence.

"Miss Fling," Bob introduced him. "This is Mr. Sanger. He's my immediate enemy just now."

Sanger bowed gently and laughed. "A very friendly enemy just at present."

"I am very glad to meet one of our enemies—especially if he be friendly," Sanger smiled. "Won't you sit down, Mr. Sanger?"

Sanger looked inquiringly at Kathleen.

"Miss Fling will be present," Bob answered the look, "at my request."

Sanger reclined comfortably in his chair and placed his hands together, finger tip accurately meeting finger tip.

"Circumstances of which I am perhaps the victim," he began, "make it necessary for me to take an active part for the future in our local and state politics."

"Haven't you already been somewhat active?"

Sanger waved his hand carelessly. "Tentatively, tentatively only, Mr. McAdoo. Hereafter I propose to be more active and to better effect. I hope. Certain ventures in which I am interested, individually and in connection with other large investors of our state, make this imperative. Unfortunately in the present campaign I find myself compelled to oppose your election. I regret it exceedingly, and, frankly, I'm here to propose that we work in harmony in the future."

"That comes rather late."

"Please don't refuse until you have heard me out. Allow me to explain our position. For several years certain gentlemen, all large investors, have kept William Murchell in power in this state at considerable expense to ourselves. In return we had the right to demand protection for our interests. Murchell, however, has of late proved very ungrateful. He has passed under the influence of John Dunmeade. Dunmeade, Mr. McAdoo, is a dangerous man, an utter radical, an impracticable dreamer, a man of socialistic tendencies. His influence in our politics is a menace to individual property rights. My dislike of Dunmeade is only political. His wife is my cousin. I myself never allow personal considerations to influence business policy. We are determined that Murchell and Dunmeade must go out of politics completely."

"Humph! How are you going to do it?"

Sanger smiled confidently. "We shall find the means. Two years from now a new governor, legislature and United States senator must be elected. They must be absolutely independent of Murchell and Dunmeade."

"But not independent of you?"

"Precisely. Which brings me to your case. Permit me to say, Mr. McAdoo, I have a deep admiration for you. You have a remarkable genius for politics. You can be very useful to us, and we can be very useful to you. If you are elected, which is by no means assured, the city organization will be absolutely under your control. With this city and our share of the country districts and Adelphi, which you must admit we already

control, we are certain of setting Murchell and Cousin Dunmeade aside. I suggest," he concluded, "that you come in with us."

"Purely out of philanthropic belief in the annuity of individual property rights, I suppose?"

"Not at all. We don't demand disinterested motives. In fact, we should suspect the sincerity of such motives if alleged. We expect to make it worth your while. We will, to begin with, contribute liberally to your campaign funds."

"As liberally as you have already contributed to Harland's fund?"

"You are well informed," Sanger said, his face betraying surprise.

"It's my business to be well informed."

Sanger eyed Bob narrowly before continuing. "That proves the propriety of my next suggestion. We will put you in Murchell's place as state leader." Kathleen started, her work arrested.

"Upon the condition, of course, that you will secure us the protection and legislation we desire," Sanger continued. "And as a guarantee of our good faith we will consent to your friend Remington as next governor."

"Consent? I thought you were to make me boss."

"Of course we should have to be consulted in all important nominations." "Then you don't propose to give me the free hand you gave Murchell?"

"Frankly, no. We can't take that risk again with any man."

"No, Mr. Sanger," Bob answered coolly, "you're not frank. You have told me nothing I didn't know or suspect. You personally were responsible for the nomination of Harland and with the one intention of breaking me. But you don't believe he will be elected. And that's why you come to me. Your offer isn't honestly made, Mr. Sanger."

"My dear sir," Sanger protested earnestly, "the word of a gentleman!"

"The word of you gentlemen of finance," Bob interrupted, with a sneer. "Is worth just what it has to be worth."

"You are unjust," Sanger answered with unrudded serenity, "but I'll not argue that. The last two years have cost you more than \$200,000. Four years more would see you bankrupt."

"There is, of course," Sanger continued significantly, "your friend Remington to be considered. If I may judge from appearances he is exceedingly anxious to marry my sister. I can't answer for her—that is, absolutely. But it isn't impossible that she should come to share his feelings. Of course I couldn't be expected to approve of a match with one who is trying to injure me."

Kathleen saw Bob's face light up queerly. "Like you, I don't allow personal considerations to interfere with business policy," he said impassively. "Think it over. The matter doesn't require immediate adjustment."

Bob rose to end the interview. "I can give you our answer now," he said coldly. Then he saw Kathleen looking up at him eagerly, proudly. His face relaxed in a whimsical smile.

"What shall we say, Kathleen?"

"Will you let me answer for you?"

Bob nodded. Kathleen looked at him long and searchingly. Then she arose and turned to Sanger, who also was on his feet.

"Mr. McAdoo says," she spoke quietly—"that to try to bribe him through his friendship is useless, because his friendship is sincere. Nor does your offer of state leadership tempt him. Mr. McAdoo is pledged to certain policies which he couldn't carry out if he joined you. He will keep his word. Mr. McAdoo says also that if you oppose Governor Dunmeade and Mr. Murchell he will support them to the end. Your money may win out, but there are worse things than losing a good fight, Mr. Sanger. One of them is dishonest victory."

Sanger smiled. "And are these views yours also, Mr. McAdoo?"

Bob's answer was quietly spoken. "Miss Fling overstates my motives, but as to your proposal and my support of Murchell and Dunmeade, she is quite right."

Sanger shrugged his shoulders carelessly. "I was quite sure of it before I came. I don't know just what you want, Mr. McAdoo. I only made the offer because it was urged upon me by others who are in this with me. My own policy is to break, not buy off, opposition."

He bowed gracefully to Kathleen.

"There can be no doubt as to the genuineness of your motives, Miss Fling. Good night. I'm sorry the outcome of the scrimmage must be disappointing to you."

Bob followed Sanger into the hallway and silently watched the millionaire don his overcoat. As he was pulling on his gloves Sanger remarked: "It's a good thing for us, McAdoo, that you haven't fooled the world as you have Miss Fling. It's a better thing that you aren't what she thinks you. There is only one person in the world that I fear—the fanatic. He possesses moral passion. Moral passion is as uncertain and therefore as dangerous as lightning or women. You haven't it."

"Good night," Bob answered as he held open the door.

When he returned to the library Kathleen was sewing quietly once more.

"Well," he remarked, sitting down, "as Paul would say, I have burned my bridges behind me."

"What a shame he is so conscienceless! He has such nice manners."

"Humph! You women are all alike—judging a man by his outside. I don't like an assassin any better because he stabs me politely. I hate to say it of any man, but he is almost worse than I am."

"And now," he added, "he has given me my warning. Sooner or later their millions will get me unless some miracle hastens a popular revolution—or unless I start gaffing again."

"Have you stopped, then?"

"I haven't made a penny out of politics in the last six years."

"And you won't begin again," she did not ask a question.

"No," his tone was curiously regretful. "I won't. I used to, without a thought. But now I hate the notion. I don't understand it."

CHAPTER XV. TEMPTATIONS.

PAUL REMINGTON impatiently flung aside the book he had been trying to read. It was Sunday, and to Paul the first day of the week was always distinctly oppressive.

"It's no use. This day has got on my nerves. The time when myself and my dreams were all the company I needed is gone. I haven't seen her for two days, and I can't wait another day, another hour, another minute."

A half hour later Paul was ushered into the Sanger drawing room. Eleanor not appearing at once, he wandered through an open door into the music room, at one end of which had been installed a small pipe organ.

And Paul of the many talents, without being a great musician, knew how to make the organ respond to his soul's mood. He seated himself and began to play. His idle fingers gradually took form in a passionate, drowsy melody that filled the big house. Then the stormy mood died away, and the organ sang a weird, minor refrain. Eleanor, entering unobserved by the player, stood leaning against a chair near him, regarding him with an odd look in which admiration and pity, perhaps a shade of contempt, mingled.

At last, without turning or ceasing his playing, he spoke. "I can't see you, but I know you are there."

"Lawyer, politician, orator, musician—the gods have been good to you," she murmured quizzically.

"Yes," he answered, with a trace of bitterness. "Jack of all trades and master of none, but first, and above all, Mrs. Gilbert's most sincere devotee. I'm constant in at least one thing—But you won't let me speak of that. Today I'm possessed of a thousand devils. Sing."

He opened a sheet of music before him and struck into the accompaniment, and Eleanor, standing where she was, sang.

Eleanor Gilbert could sing, and that afternoon she sang as she had never sung before, for in her singing, that day she found expression for what she had never quite dared to put into words—the longing for something higher and better than had yet come into her life to fulfill the ultimate woman's mission, a longing which of late had been growing more and more poignant within her. As she sang her heart flooded with kindness toward the handsome, romantic young man before her.

"I wish," she thought once when at the end of a verse the organ took up the refrain—"I wish I were your mother. I wonder can this be the beginning of love—and for you?"

Song followed song until at length Paul turned from the organ and faced her.

"Thank you," he said simply. She rested her elbows on the back of the chair, folding her hands and dropping her chin on them.

"How are those devils now?"

"Gone, every one of them. You're the most eminently satisfactory person in the world. I came here restless, morbid, filled with dismal forebodings. You sing—the devils flee."

He folded his arms contentedly. "By the way, when are you going to let me propose?"

"Must I ever let you?"

"It is inevitable that I shall propose sooner or later, whether you consent or not. But I prefer to do it under the most propitious circumstances."

"They say you can judge of love by the sacrifices it is willing to make. What would you give up for me?"

"What would I give up? Everything."

"Everything" is a big word, my friend," she answered skeptically.

"Let's come down to facts, as Henry would say. Friends?"

He covered his face with his hands. She pressed him almost fiercely. "Friends? Even your friend McAdoo?"

"For God's sake, don't!"

"What!" she said mockingly. "Then everything doesn't mean everything?"

Slowly his hands fell to his side. His face was very white, his eyes utterly weary.

"No; everything doesn't mean everything. When he asked me to give you up I refused. If you should demand that I give him up I must make the same answer; otherwise I must be utterly contemptible. I forced my friendship on him against his will. If it means anything to him now I can't take it away from him."

"My dear friend," she said aloud gently, "I'm not tempting you, because I have nothing to offer you in exchange for the sacrifice. I'm only showing you what it means to care for an intensely selfish woman. And I—I should like to care for you, but I dare not. I'm too much like Mr. McAdoo. I can never let myself love any man with whom I am not first. And he hates me. It dates from a day eleven years ago when he saved my life." Paul looked up, astounded. "He has hated the memory of me ever since, I think. If I married you, sooner or later we should come to the place where you must hurt him or me. That would mean misery for us both. I can never think seriously of caring for you until he withdraws his objections to me—or until you are willing to give him up for me."

He made no answer. She went close to him and laid a hand gently on his arm.

"Don't you see?"

He caught her hand closely in both of his. "Do you think," he demanded fiercely—"do you think you could ever come to care for me?"

"I wish you could make me," impulsively.

"Then," he said, with sudden determination, "when you do we will teach him what a wonderful woman you are, and he will approve."

"And that would be the only way it could be, I think, for you could never cast him aside, and I could never ask you to—never let you."

She withdrew her hand gently from his ardent clasp.

"And now," she said brightly, with an air of dismissing the topic, "did you know that you are to dine with Henry and me tonight? And afterward you are to take me to church."

The preacher is very dull, but at least listening to him will serve as a sort of penance for our sins."

After dinner, while Eleanor was out of the room, Sanger for the second time took Paul up into a high mountain and showed unto him all the kingdoms of the earth. These he indicated.



"DO YOU THINK YOU COULD EVER COME TO CARE FOR ME?"

It might become Paul's if only the latter would help him (Sanger) to drive the mullah, hot-headed foe of industrial progress into utter and unending oblivion. Paul laughingly declined the honor. In the exalted mood following his conversation with Eleanor to resist temptation was easy.

"It comes too high," he laughed. "I've got to stick to McAdoo."

"Bring him along by all means. He would be a welcome addition to our goodly company. I've mentioned the matter to him myself, but he refused, owing to an unfortunate misapprehension of my motives. Perhaps he might be persuaded to reconsider his refusal."

Paul shook his head. "You don't know McAdoo."

The preacher proved to be as dull as Eleanor had predicted. For a full minute Paul dutifully tried to fix his attention on the discourse, but he soon gave over the effort and fell to watching her. He noticed her looking queerly toward a retired corner in one of the galleries. He followed the line of her gaze and gasped in astonishment.

"Ye gods, Kathleen has brought Bob to church!"

"Is Miss Fling with him?" she whispered. "Which one?"

"To the right. I'll let you into a secret. Kathleen is in love with Bob."

"Indeed!" she said indifferently.

But several times during the service she caught her gaze straying from the pulpit to the man in the gallery and the sweet faced woman beside him.

As he was leaving her Eleanor said: "Will you take me to call on Miss Fling?"

"Gladioli! I'm sure you and she will become good friends."

For the next few days Paul saw Eleanor daily. She was very kind to him, and he was therefore lifted into the seventh heaven. He took Eleanor to call on Kathleen early in the week. His prophecy that they would become good friends was not fulfilled, at least immediately. Kathleen, with a self-consciousness foreign to her, saw in Eleanor's honest efforts to please her only patronage, and Eleanor, chilled, was convinced that the older woman disliked her. Kathleen returned the call a few days later, but at that time Eleanor had left the city to spend the week end with her cousin, Mrs. Dunmeade.

Twenty-four hours in the governor's mansion made Eleanor regret her visit. The beautiful sympathy and simplicity of the Dunmeade household, by their very contrast recalling her own unhappy marriage, made her life seem unutterably empty. The afternoon of her second day at the capitol she had gone to Mrs. Dunmeade's sitting room and had surprised the governor there romping with the children while his wife looked smilingly on.

Eleanor, unnoticed and feeling her presence in the pretty little group a profanation, tiptoed back to her room, where she brooded disconsolately on her loneliness. Not until the governor's footsteps sounded along the hallway did she venture to return to Mrs. Dunmeade. The youngest child, a little boy just learning to walk, was rubbing his eyes sleepily, and Eleanor, taking him into her arms, crooned a lullaby to him while Mrs. Dunmeade sewed.

"I always make the little ones' clothes myself," Mrs. Dunmeade explained.

Eleanor nodded understandingly. "I know. I would myself if I had babies of my own, and I wouldn't leave them to a nurse." She held the little sleeper closer. "I understand now how you could leave your beautiful home and all your old friends to come here."

"It was a little hard at first," Mrs. Dunmeade said softly, so as not to disturb the baby's slumber, "but I soon got over that. We've been here six years now, and I'll date to leave it. I've had John and the children, and our old friends, the best of them at least, visit us often. Occasionally, too, we meet very interesting people. By the way, we are to have one such for dinner this evening, one of your city's politicians, Robert McAdoo."

Eleanor almost dropped the child in her astonishment. "Robert McAdoo?"

"You know him, then?" Mrs. Dunmeade's question convicted her of duplicity, since Paul Remington had written her, confiding to her a little of his trouble.

The child stirred uneasily, and Eleanor hummed a few bars of the lullaby song before she answered.

"Yes. I've met him three times in my life. And he hates me."

Later in the afternoon the governor came in, accompanied by Murchell,

and was the subject of a campaign in Adelphi to be at a conference with Robert McAdoo.

Dusk had fallen when the little group broke up to dress for dinner. Mrs. Dunmeade went with Eleanor to the latter's room.

"How pretty may we look tonight?" Eleanor asked smilingly.

"Our very prettiest," Mrs. Dunmeade smiled back.

"But won't Mr. McAdoo?"

Mrs. Dunmeade interrupted laughingly. "My dear, you don't know the American man. If you've never seen Robert McAdoo in the evening I promise you a surprise. You'll forget the mill hand and tough politician."

"Then he is a tough politician?"

"Judge for yourself tonight." And Mrs. Dunmeade with a twinkle in her eyes left Eleanor alone. The latter proceeded to make a very careful toilet. When she descended to the library she found Murchell there alone. He greeted her with a courtly bow.

"Will you allow an old man to say that you are a very beautiful young lady, Mrs. Gilbert?"

She dropped him a courtesy. "I assure you, I'm not half so good as I'm good to look at."

"But I expect you to be. You mustn't disappoint me."

She shook her head, laughing, and promptly changed the subject.

"Who are these dignified gentlemen looking down on us? Governors?"

"Yes—that is—And beginning with the portrait of the state's first governor, a distinguished Revolutionary soldier and statesman, he guided Eleanor around the room, telling her briefly what each man had done or failed to do. It was not always an honorable tale. The last, hung in an obscure corner, was Dunmeade's, painted and hung during his first term. Eleanor studied it in silence for a few moments.

"He's a good man, isn't he?" she asked at last.

Murchell answered with deep feeling. "The best I know and the most misunderstood."

The governor and his wife entered. "Is it a secret?" the latter asked gaily. Mrs. Dunmeade was very happy that evening.

"Mr. Murchell has been telling me about our governors," Eleanor answered, concealing her disappointment over the interruption. "I wonder whose picture will be hung there next?"

She saw a quick, meaning glance pass between Murchell and the governor's wife. But for answer Mrs. Dunmeade merely laughed and said evasively. "Oh, one never knows what a day may bring forth in politics."

They were chatting before the governor's portrait when the tinkle of the doorbell was heard. Eleanor, with amused expectancy, stepped back into the corner where she could not be seen by Bob at once.

He entered, and Eleanor, warned as she had been by Mrs. Dunmeade, could hardly repress a start of surprise. His manner as he met their cordial welcome was neither repelling nor eager, but rather the quiet dignity of a man who was sure of his footing. Eleanor found herself rejoicing that she had not attempted to patronize him during his call.

"I believe you have met Mrs. Gilbert," Mrs. Dunmeade said when the first greetings were over.

CHAPTER XVI.
THE FORCE.

BOB whirled sharply. As he faced her the blood rushed to his cheek and his eyes glinted in angry surprise. In an instant, however, he answered with perfect composure:

"Twice, I believe, I hardly expected to meet you here, Mrs. Gilbert."

"Three times, I'm sure," she said pleasantly. "It's very stupid, but really all I can think of is that trite old saying that the world is very small, Mr. McAdoo."

Bob's sense of humor came to his aid as he looked at the woman to cast whom and her influence out of his life he had come to find a weapon. He laughed.

"I should say the world's size depends upon whether you are trying to find or avoid a person."

Her face lighted up mirthfully. "Come, Mr. McAdoo. We are under the white flag here. I appeal to the governor. Cousin, to my rescue, for the sake of your household's peace, Mr. McAdoo and I always quarrel."

"Then I solemnly declare a truce," laughed the governor. "But I doubt her need of my protection. I fancy this young lady is quite capable of caring for herself, eh, Mr. McAdoo?"

"Quite!"

"That's very generous," she smiled. "It speaks well for a successful truce, I hope?" And she held out her hand with pretended hesitation.

His hesitation was genuine; but, yielding to the necessity, he took her slender white hand into his big strong one—the hand, as it flashed across her mind, that had once snatched her from a hideous death. Perhaps her smile became more kindly than she intended, for he dropped her hand as though it had been a hot coal.

"And now," Mrs. Dunmeade said promptly, "peace having been established all around, let us go in to dinner." She took Bob's arm and led the way into the dining room.

At dinner Bob sat opposite Eleanor, to his considerable discomfort at first. Perhaps Mrs. Dunmeade saw this, for she guided the talk to subjects which allowed him to be the audience. And after awhile his discomfort was forgotten in his interest in the conversation and in his covert study of Eleanor, especially in his study of Eleanor. He watched her critically that he might learn, if possible, the secret of her influence over Paul. His study forced him to admit very grudgingly that any man might find it hard to resist her charm.

"Any man of Paul's temperament, that is," he corrected himself hastily. And he began to doubt the success of his mission to the capital in its ultimate purpose.

Finally Mrs. Dunmeade turned to Bob. "Tell us, how is your campaign?"

Continued on page seven

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Saturday, November 4, 1911.

The pretension is made in financial circles in Massachusetts, that President Taft's attack on the Steel Trust will reflect favorably on the Governor of that State. We hope not.

In the steel mills at Hankow, China, expert workmen get the magnificent sum of one dollar and a quarter a week. Our American workmen will do well to take notice.

An Exchange says: "Politics is undoubtedly a great game but the rules need revision—More 'Open play' recommended." Never was there a truer sentiment advanced.

Massachusetts will decide next Tuesday whether or not voting machines shall be used at elections. In order to make the use of them legal the constitution must be changed.

In addition to his British allowance of \$125,000 a year the duke of Connaught, Canada's new governor general, receives a salary of \$50,000 a year from the Dominion. The Canadians have a fine pull on Mr. Bull's pocket book.

Boston will be quite a city by and by if it keeps on annexing new towns. The proposition now is to make Hyde Park a part of that city. Brookline, which is much nearer Boston, will decline to be swallowed up by her big neighbor.

It is said that there are nearly one hundred men at work on the tariff report, on the wool and cotton schedules. In particular and that the wool report will be ready when Congress meets next month, and the cotton report will follow soon after.

It is said that it will take at least three years to get a final verdict in the U. S. Steel suit. Won't the lawyers have a picnic. Up to date this case of people seem to be the only ones that have been benefited by these Government prosecutions.

Postmaster General Hitchcock is going to resign to get married. This will please some of the muck-raking magazines who have no love for the Postmaster General and the way he does business, even though he has placed his department on a paying basis for the first time in years.

President Taft cannot vote this year. The Secretary of State of Ohio rules that he must register not later than Monday in order to vote on Tuesday, but he has wired that he cannot arrive in Cincinnati till Tuesday morning. His vote will not count any more than that of any other man and will not in all probability affect the result one way or the other.

The report went abroad a few weeks ago that Newport had lost over five hundred voters from last year. This statement was about as true as most statements in the Providence papers in regard to Newport. The facts are that there are just forty-five more persons entitled to vote in Newport this year than there were last year. This gain is practically all in the fourth representative district where a special effort seems to have been made for some purpose.

Albert M. Steinert of Providence, who is the Democratic nominee for General Treasurer, is conducting a strong fight for that office. He is a well known business man of Providence and is a man who has proven his executive ability. However, the office of General Treasurer is not one that has been treated lightly and the entirely satisfactory administration of the veteran Walter A. Read will of course be again endorsed by the people at the polls.

It has been stated many times that the Providence Journal is managed and edited by men from out of the state who have little interest in or knowledge of Rhode Island affairs. They are certainly showing the lack of knowledge when they repeat day after day the statement that it requires a three-fourths vote to change our constitution. They will do well to read the constitution itself. They will then find that it requires a three-fifths vote to carry an amendment not three-fourths.

Geo. W. Perkins, formerly of the firm of J. Pierpont Morgan & Co., describes present day tendency to harass many of the great corporations. He favors fair regulation and believes that publicity with amended laws, will prove easiest way to safety. He says: "We have in business situation comparable with that which preceded the Civil War, a situation alive with peril to the progress of the nation and pregnant with disastrous consequences unless a satisfactory solution be obtained."

Pres. Herr of Westinghouse Electric Co. says: "Business is on the uplift. We will have a quiet fall and winter trade in manufacturing lines, but we are working full time. Orders are gradually increasing. The population is not suffering for the retail merchants report a very brisk trade. In the spring I expect very prosperous times."

Just depends very much on the attitude taken this winter by the Democratic and Insurgent Majority in Congress. If things can be let alone business will speedily revive.

Campaign is Closing.

The State campaign for 1911 will end next Tuesday. It has been short and, as far as this city is concerned, without undue excitement. Some small rallies have been held but there was little interest shown. The people have made up their minds how they will vote and political activity counts for little. In Newport Governor Potter and the rest of the State ticket will receive the usual majority. Mr. Beckman will be chosen Senator, and Messrs. Layton, Hazard and Levy on the Republican ticket, and Mr. John B. Sullivan on the Democratic ticket will be chosen Representatives with the usual majority. Mr. Sullivan in the fifth district has no opposition. The fourth district is a doubtful one. Mr. Beckman carried it last year by 60 majority. In the rest of the county the Republican Senators and Representatives will be chosen. In most of the towns of the county there are no Democratic opponents. Tiverton and New Shoreham are the only places where there is a contest.

Throughout the State the indications point strongly to the re-election of Governor Potter and all his associates on the State ticket by increased majorities over last year. The State Senate will show Republican gains and the House without doubt, have a substantial Republican majority. All the indications point to a continuance of the Republican policies and Republican management of the State. The tariff question enters largely into the campaign. Rhode Island is essentially a manufacturing State and a blow at the manufacturing interests is a blow to the whole State. The unwise attempt of the majority to Congress to slash the tariff has made many friends for the Republican party in Rhode Island who had been for years lukewarm to say the least. The manufacturers as a class have heretofore stood aloof from politics and have divided their strength between the two parties. To-day they are arrayed on the side of the party that stands for a fair protection for American industries and American labor, which probably means several thousand votes for the Republican ticket.

Comet in Morning Sky.

The Brooks comet, which for some time was visible in the early evening in the western sky, is now on view to early risers in the east. The comet, which is of particular brilliancy, can be seen at a little after 4 o'clock in the morning. It is in the heavens about two hours high and shows a little in the south of east, with the tail extending upward with a slight slant to the north. The tail is very bright and extends well toward the zenith. If you wish to see it get up early in the morning. It will do you good.

Attorney-General Wickensham admitted Friday that he had no expectation that if steel suit resulted in dissolution of that company, and was equally successful with other corporations, the legal achievement would result in restoration of competition which existed before great corporations were formed. He intimated that changes in Sherman law would be necessary and that country will be shortly made aware of that fact.

John Hays Hammond said at Chicago: "There is more downright swindling in mining than in any other legitimate business. Especially is this so in boom times. If pure food and drugs act could be applied to mining so that investor would be able to ascertain the ingredients of a mine, much poisonous stock would be withdrawn from sale, and honest enterprises would profit."

J. P. Morgan is said to be very angry over inattention to government steel suit that Theodore Roosevelt was deceived in Tennessee Coal & Iron matter. Mr. Morgan feels this is a direct charge against him, and neither he nor any of his associates will discuss it. A man that can deceive Theodore Roosevelt must be possessed of more than ordinary ability in that direction.

Trustees of Battery Shug Harbor on Staten Island, who hold \$21,600,000 worth of New York City property under will of Captain Randall who died 110 years ago, are thinking seriously of trying to break will in order to dispose of some of this property and invest it in some form of security yielding greater return.

Addressing a company of newspaper men Saturday John Wauwamaker predicted that large business interests of the country would adjust themselves to requirements of the Sherman law and that this adjustment would be followed by an era of prosperous business conditions.

Frank A. Munsey announces discontinuance of Sunday Boston Journal, which has been published as a one-cent newspaper for some 18 months. Venture has been a financial loss, due largely to alleged throttling by newspapers.

Joseph Fullmer, owner of New York World and St. Louis Post-Dispatch, died Sunday afternoon on board his yacht in Charleston harbor. He had been ill for some time and death was directly due to aggravated heart disease.

Assessed valuation of real estate in New York City for 1911 was \$7,911,817; personal estate, \$57,923,126; total, \$65,834,943, against a total of \$7,416,887,469 in 1910 and \$5,854,122,193 in 1900.

It is estimated that J. P. Morgan & Co. control over \$500,000,000 cash representing cash balances of corporations deposited with institutions in which house of Morgan is interested.

A New Attorney General.

Herbert A. Rice, Republican candidate for Attorney General, is an able and honorable lawyer and is respected by all his associates for his high character and thorough legal training.

Herbert A. Rice was born in Pawtucket July 25, 1868. In his native city he attended the Church Hill grammar



school and Pawtucket high school in Providence in 1885 and from Brown University in 1889. He taught in the University grammar school from 1889 until 1892. He was graduated from Harvard Law School in 1895 and while there was one of the editors of the Harvard Law Review.

Mr. Rice was admitted to the Rhode Island bar in 1895 and later to practice before the United States Circuit Court and the Circuit Court of Appeals. His office has been in Providence since he was first admitted to the bar. He was for several years a member of the school committee of Pawtucket. He represented his native city in the General Assembly in 1900 and 1901, and was a member of the judicial committee. He now resides in Providence.

Mr. Mellen's Meeting.

Hartford Courant.

The annual meeting of the "New Haven" road Wednesday was sluggishly and, indeed, surprisingly quiet and harmonious. Conditions were ripe for trouble. The pocket nerve of the stockholders has been hit by the fall of the price of the stock and their apprehensions have been aroused by the occasional reports of bears on the stock that the dividend would be reduced.

It turned out that no discord developed and President Mellen had to twiddle a questioning before he got it. When the question came he carefully, as appears by the report answered them in a way to furnish much encouragement to the downhearted. He saw no reason for expecting a dividend reduction. "True, all railroads are having difficulties and he put it clearly when he said that his was the only business where, while everybody they bought of was at liberty to raise prices for what was sold, they were forbidden to raise the price of the only thing they had to sell—transportation. But he thought that this road would be doing well when many others were in the hands of the courts being operated through receivers.

His most significant declaration was that he believed the dividends of the past eight years had been more truly earned than those of the eight years preceding, and his strongest point for the earning capacity of the company was his statement of the special funds which are drawn regularly from earnings before the amount available for dividends is reached and his reference, similar to that in the annual report, to the fact that the very large sums of interest on enterprises not yet at earning point also come out of current earnings instead of being charged to construction account. He said he expected the dividend to be maintained at eight per cent, but along with that he threw in two suggestions to the contrary, one that money could be foretold the future and the other that if the dividend were reduced to six per cent, the chances were that the stock would sell for more than today.

Mr. Mellen made a statement, which we do not remember hearing before, that the Central New England was now earning handsome dividends on the part of a big lot of securities which the "New Haven" bought at about 20. He cited this rehabilitation as evidence of what may happen to the Boston & Maine. His most surprising statement was that the recent Boston & Albany alliance showed a net profit of \$158,000 for the past three months. In conclusion he said the "New Haven" was going to continue the eight per cent, if he could possibly make it do so.

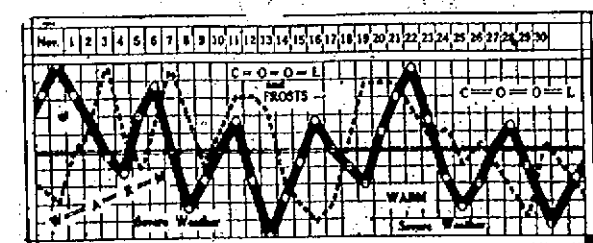
The people of Maine are still in doubt as to whether they are living in a prohibition or a license State. The vote was taken in September and the Governor has not made the official proclamation of the result. The face of the returns give 20 majority for license. It is alleged that the returns in four towns were erroneous. Those returns if corrected, it is claimed, would give a majority of 750 against repeal or in favor of prohibition. The courts may be appealed to as to whether they can go behind the certified returns and correct the vote in those four towns. The Court, it is said, can declare the vote in those four towns null and void and throw it all altogether. In that case the majority against the repeal of the prohibition clause would be 386. It is a nice muddle to say the least. The time limit in which the Governor can make the proclamation expires December 1st.

Secretary of the Navy Meyer says: "If interest in enlarging our navy and increasing its efficiency goes on unabated for one more year, which it undoubtedly will, United States will have the finest navy in the world."

In addition to electing state officers, voters in Boston on Nov. 7 will vote on amending constitution authorizing voting machines and taking of land for highways, also acceptance of act to annex town of Hyde Park.

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WEATHER BULLETIN.



November will average warmer than usual and more than usual rainfall is expected. Texas, the plains states and parts of New England will be drier than usual. Unusually stormy weather will prevail. Highest average temperatures will be near Nov. 8 and 21, and lowest near 13 and 29. Not much rain last ten days. Dry near Nov. 15. Frequent rain balance of month. Severe weather about and following Nov. 4 and 19.

In above chart the treble line represents normal temperatures and rainfall. The heavy line with round white spots is temperature forecasts. Where it goes above treble line temperatures are expected to be higher. Where it goes below treble line temperatures will be lower. The broken zigzag line is rainfall forecasts. As it goes higher indicates greater probability of rain and where it goes lower the reverse. Dates are for Meridian 90. Count one or two days earlier for west of line and as much for east of it because weather fronts move from west to east.

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Last bulletin gave forecast of disturbance to cross continent Nov. 4 to 8, warm wave 8 to 17, cool wave 18 to 21. The features of this storm wave that will attract attention and be of interest will be the continued high temperatures, the frequent showers and threatening rain accompanied by stormy winds and severe weather.

You must not expect these radical weather events to occur at all places. These bulletins are read on all parts of the continent and to understand the forecasts you must follow the weather features across the continent and expect the weather event forecasted to occur in connection with the eastward movements of the weather changes forecasted.

Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast about Nov. 6, across Pacific slope by close of 9, great central valleys 10 to 12, eastern sections 13. Warm wave will cross Pacific slope about Nov. 8, great central valleys 10, eastern sections 12. Cool wave will cross Pacific slope about Nov. 11, great central valleys 13, eastern sections 15.

Temperatures of this disturbance will average about normal but the cool wave following will cause much colder weather than the cool wave preceding, both of which are described above. The cool wave following will be a cold wave north of latitude 38. The term cold wave means that temperatures will fall 20 degrees or more within 24 hours and go down to the frost line or to freezing weather.

This disturbance will cause rains in many sections and north of latitude 38, the rains will turn to snow as the cool wave comes in. This weather period

A cynical commentator on the moving show has pointed out to the New York voters that the real question they have to consider is whether they'll increase Murphy's power for evil at Hearst's expense or increase Hearst's power for evil at Murphy's expense. "You pay your money and you take your choice."

When the country has a President who—at one and the same time—is denounced by ultra-radicals for his conservatism and by ultra-conservatives for his radicalism, the reasonable presumption is that President's case is that he's about right, says the Hartford Courant.

Have no equal as prompt and positive cure for poor headache, dizziness, constipation, pain in the side, and all liver troubles. Carter's Little Liver Pills. Try them.

New England Navigation Co. TO NEW YORK

VIA Fall River Line. STEAMERS PLYMOUTH and PRISCILLA. Leave Long Wharf, Newport, daily, at 9.15 P. M. Orchestra on each.

VIA Wickford Line. Steamer GENERAL. NEWPORT, LONG WHARF. (Week Days Only.)

A. M.	P. M.
10.00	1.05
	4.05
	7.15

For Block Island and Providence. STEAMER BLOCK ISLAND. ALL WATER ROUTE.

MEAL SERVICE A LA CARTE. Leave Long Wharf, Newport, week days only 11.15 a. m. Due Block Island 1.15 p. m. Leave Block Island week days only, 3.00 p. m. Leave Newport 6.00 p. m.; due Providence 6.45 p. m.

For tickets, staterooms, and parlor seats, apply at City ticket office, 320 Thames St., at Wharf Office and Purser's office on steamers. C. C. Gardner, Agent, Newport, R. I. A. H. Seaver, A. G. P. A., New York.

will not be a good time for marketing but it will be good for winter grain and in preparing the soil for next year's crop.

The cotton states are always interested in the killing frosts. The top of the cotton plant continues to grow and make good cotton long after the cotton has been picked from the lower part of the plant, therefore an early frost cuts the cotton crop short while very late frosts tend to larger cotton yields. I am expecting killing frosts in large sections of the cotton belt from November 11 to 15. In the extreme south the killing frosts will come November 25 to December 2.

All readers of the newspapers in which these bulletins are published should have one of Foster's weather maps on which all sections of the continent are plainly marked, and this is a great aid in understanding the forecasts. That map will be mailed to all readers of this paper on receipt of stamp. Address Foster's Weather Bureau, Washington, D. C.

Indications are that November will average warmer than usual and that more than usual rain may be expected. But in Texas and southern parts of the other cotton states less than usual rain is expected. The plains states will be deficient in moisture. Less than usual rain between the Hudson river and the Alleghenies and north of Washington and Philadelphia.

November cropweather will be favorable to all winter grain but not generally favorable to marketing products from crops; too much rain for moving grain. High temperatures will prevail first ten days of November and from 16 to 22. Colder than usual near November 18 and 29.

BLAIR. ALLEY BREAKS

Trio of Alleged Yeggs Are Lodged in a Vermont Jail.

Burlington, Vt., Nov. 3.—In the arrest at Rouses Point, N. Y., of three alleged yeggs, postoffice inspectors believe they have located the perpetrators of half a hundred postoffice burglaries in Vermont, Maine and New Hampshire during the past two years.

The men under arrest, who were brought here last night and placed in the Chittenden county jail, are Arthur Burns, said to be one of the most active of the yegg fraternity; Eddie McCarthy, 54, who, like Burns, has a police record, and a man who has not yet been identified.

The arrest was made by private detectives, who have been on the trail of the men for several months. The trio were apprehended when leaving a hotel at Rouses Point.

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MIDDLETOWN.

Rev. Newman Lawrence held a special service on Saturday last at Holy Cross Church in commemoration of the Feast of St. Brigid and St. Jude. At the conclusion of the service, the majority of the congregation adjourned to the Guild House, where a meeting was held in the interests of the Junior Auxiliary conducted by the diocesan president, Miss Clara L. Cranston of Grace Church, Providence. Miss Cranston spoke at length, and her remarks were most instructive and helpful. Extended remarks were also made by Miss Mary A. Sayer, president of the Junior Auxiliary at Trinity Church, Newport; by Rev. Mr. Lawrence, and by local workers. Among the other guests from Providence were Miss Burdett, president of the Junior Auxiliary of St. John's Church, Miss Jackson, president from St. Stephen's, and her secretary Miss R. H. and the Newport secretary from Trinity, Miss Alice Thompson. The president of the Juniors at Holy Cross, Miss Phoebe E. F. Manchester was unable to attend owing to the death of Mr. John Henry Manchester. Her assistant, Miss Arveta Chapple and Miss Anna Chase, served a very attractive luncheon at the close of the meeting, six young girls from the Juniors acting as waitresses.

John Henry Manchester.

In the recent death of the late John Henry Manchester of State Hill, aged 86, Middletown loses one of her oldest citizens, a man greatly respected by all who knew him. Since the death of his wife, a year and nine months ago, he has longed to follow her. He seemed to fall suddenly having been confined to his bed but five days. His death was quick and painless, just a weakening of the heart. He was born in Portsmouth and was the second of the five children of John and Lydia (Abbott) Manchester. He is survived by one sister, Miss Susan Manchester of Portsmouth and leaves three children, Reuben P. Manchester of Portsmouth, Lewis R. Manchester of Middletown, and Mrs. John W. McCarthy (Lydia) of New York, also two grandchildren. Mrs. McCarthy has been keeping the household since the death of her mother, Mr. Manchester was always engaged in farming and has spent his entire life in Middletown. Funeral services were held on Sunday, noon from his late home where a large gathering assembled to pay their last respects to the deceased. The house service was of a very simple nature and was conducted by Rev. Newman Lawrence.

The long funeral procession to the cemetery at St. Mary's Church, Portsmouth, was led by a detail of 30 men from St. John's Lodge, No. 1, A. F. and A. M., of Newport. Mr. Manchester being one of its three oldest members. The hearse was escorted by 6 members from St. John's Lodge, and Eureka Lodge Portsmouth as follows: Postmaster Wm. Hamilton, J. J. Bliss and Alden Walker of Newport, Walter Deunis and J. Oscar Peckham of Portsmouth and Middletown and Martin Brown of Jamestown. At the close of the committal service at the grave by Rev. Mr. Lawrence, the dignified and impressive service of the full Masonic burial service was given by the members of the order and conducted by worshipful Master Henry C. Riley of Newport and Chaplain Elbert A. Blason of Portsmouth. Among the floral tributes was the Masonic Emblem, the compass and square in common and carmine with the purple letter, "G." The Manchester homestead was closed early in the week, Mrs. McCarthy joining her husband in New York.

A number of auction sales were held the last of the past week and the early part of the present week. Two included the sale of poultry, fodder, and live stock, also farming implements, and those three weeks being real estate. The Arnold Villa on Vandalia Ave. was purchased by Joseph A. Peckham on Monday and the Thomas J. Sherman house and 13 acres of land on Paradise Ave. was sold on Tuesday to Mr. Peckham's head farmer, Antonio Francis Malheiros. Mr. Nathan Brown who lost a new barn by fire some three years ago, is rebuilding on the old site, although the present structure is not nearly as high as the former building.

Three members of the Middletown Rinkokoma Club were in the cast of the small play presented at the County Fair at the Newport Y. M. C. A. last week and some 25 residents of the town attended the evening's entertainment.

Weekly Almanac.

NOVEMBER 1911	SUN	MOON	WATER	STANDARD TIME
	RISES	SETS	RISES	SETS
4 Sat	6 21	4 35	5 45	6 23
5 Sun	6 21	4 31	5 45	6 23
6 Mon	6 21	4 31	5 45	6 23
7 Tues	6 21	4 32	5 45	6 23
8 Wed	6 21	4 32	5 45	6 23
9 Thurs	6 21	4 32	5 45	6 23
10 Fri	6 21	4 32	5 45	6 23
Full Moon	6 28	4 38	5 50	6 28
Last Quarter	10 21	10 21	10 21	10 21
New Moon	20 21	20 21	20 21	20 21
First Quarter	28 21	28 21	28 21	28 21

Deaths.

In this city, 22nd ult., Annie M., wife of John F. Rowe, aged 74 years.
In this city, Oct. 31, Jane A., widow of Nicholas King.
In this city, Nov. 1, Charles Andrew, son of Andrew and Sarah J. Hager.
In this city, Nov. 1, John Carl, son of Chas. and Dora Volger.
In Tiverton, Oct. 28, Mary, wife of William Ray.
In Portsmouth, 1st inst., Frederick M. Sherman, aged 73 years.
In Providence, 25th ult., Martin B. Arnold, to his 85th year.
In Providence, 25th ult., Alexander Kerr, to his 82nd year.
In Providence, 1st inst., William Buckley, to his 84th year.
In Providence, 1st inst., Sally Rich, widow of Dr. John Gore Johnson, to her 84th year.
In Providence, 24 inst., Horace M. Snow, to his 84th year.
In Providence, 1st inst., Adolph H. Stevenson, to his 84th year.
In Providence, 1st inst., Mary A., widow of John Henry Taylor, to her 84th year.
In Warwick, Oct. 31, Thomas Baldwin, to his 78th year.
In East Greenwich, Oct. 30, Mary Boardman, widow of John Cornell, to her 81st year.

HOUSES, SITES AND FARMS

Persons living in other States, away from Newport and wishing information for themselves or friends regarding Tenements Houses furnished and unoccupied, and Farms or Sites for building, can ascertain what they want by writing to

A. O'D. TAYLOR,

REAL ESTATE AGENT.

132 Bellevue Avenue, Newport, R. I.
Mr. Taylor's Agency was established in 1877. He is a Commissioner of Deeds for the principal States and a Notary Public. He has a Branch Office open all summer in Jamestown, for Summer Villas and Country places.

NEWEST TO THE OLDEST

Notable Array of Warships Reviewed by the President

A GREAT DOUBLE SPECTACLE

Attracts to New York the Military and Naval Attaches of Most of Powers of Europe—Fleet Passes Out to Sea After Mayflower Steams Through Columns—Thousands of Salutes in Honor of Chief Executive

New York, Nov. 3.—From the bridge of the Mayflower, where Roosevelt had stood to bid Godspeed to the departing and a joyous welcome to the homecoming battle fleet that circled the globe three years ago, President Taft reviewed the most notable assemblage of warships in the history of the American navy.

In three long columns, stretching as far as the eye could see up the Hudson river, the grim, gray ships—ninety-nine in all—had awaited the president's coming. In his honor they were dressed from stem to stern in fluttering flags, as if attempting for this gala occasion to conceal the muzzles of their death-dealing guns. The gay bunting lent color to the scene, but the meaning of the dull gray hulls and the polished rifles that protruded from the turret mouths could not be masked.

There were twenty-four battleships in the line, representing every type of that class of fighting vessels in the navy, from the old-fashioned Massachusetts and Iowa, of Spanish war fame, down to the last word in completed super-dreadnaughts, the majestic Florida, which lifted the voice of her guns in their first salute.

From the Indiana to the Florida it was a far cry, the big super-dreadnaught with her high free board and five big turrets looking as though she could gobble up the little veterans of the line in just one gulp. Armed cruisers, scout cruisers, destroyers, torpedo boats and auxiliaries made up the grand total.

New York, which has been "navy mad" for nearly a week, turned out by hundreds of thousands to witness the review. The day was favored by perfect weather, an almost unclouded sun and a brisk wind that added to the picturesqueness of the scene by roughening the harbor with white caps and whipping flags that made the ships above decks a riot of color.

The significance of the mobilization and review of the fleet at this time was simply to demonstrate the preparedness of the American navy for any emergency. To further impress this fact upon the president and the nation, to say nothing of the world at large, the naval authorities were not content with the usual plan of holding a review of the fleet at anchor.

This part of the program was gone through with, following the custom of years, but in addition the orders provided that after the Mayflower had steamed through the several columns, the fleet should get under way and pass out to sea. This double spectacle made the review unique in the annals of naval displays throughout the world and attracted to New York the military and naval attaches of most of the powers of Europe.

The thunder of tons of powder, fired in the salutes of 5000 gun charges in honor of the presence of the president, set a new record for New York. The magnificent pageant was so staged as to give it all the impressiveness of actual war—together with all the noise of an actual cannonade.

It was a proud day for Admiral Ostrander, in command of the Atlantic fleet, but he was saved from a delicate situation by the kindness of Admiral Dewey, retired, who refused an invitation to be present because he outranked Admiral Ostrander, and his presence would have caused an embarrassing situation.

The dispatch boat Dolphin was placed at the disposal of the naval attaches of foreign powers who were invited to witness the pageant.

The great guns, belching forth the twenty-one-gun salutes to the president, shook both shores of the Hudson and the reverberations rolled up and down the river from the upper bay to the Palisades.

As the batteries on board a warship would let go with a thunder of noise, vast clouds of smoke poured up through the superstructure and rigging, completely enveloping the vessel.

Residents along the Hudson were warned beforehand that there would be a liberal burning of gunpowder.

Accompanying President Taft was Secretary Meyer, who reviewed the fleet Wednesday. President Taft showed his pride in the great armada, and he had good cause to be proud, for it was the biggest fleet ever reviewed by a President of the United States.

The president indicated in all of his speeches in advocacy of the treaties of peace that he entertained no fond delusion that by convention war could immediately be made a thing of the past.

La Follette Opens Campaign Office Chicago, Nov. 3.—Headquarters from which the campaign of Senator La Follette for the presidential nomination will be conducted in the west were opened here.

Manila Chinese Burned Out Manila, Nov. 3.—The Chinese district here was swept by fire, with a loss of over \$1,000,000.



Hon. ARAM J. POTHIER
Governor

REPUBLICAN STATE CANDIDATES

Governor

ARAM J. POTHIER

Lieutenant-Governor, ZENAS W. BLISS

Secretary of State, J. FRED PARKER

Attorney General, HERBERT A. RICE

General Treasurer, WALTER A. READ

A VOTE for GOVERNOR POTHIER and other Republican nominees means A Vote FOR SANE GOVERNMENT and Sensible REFORMS.

Mark a Cross in the CIRCLE UNDER the EAGLE.

Vote to APPROVE Biennial Elections.



REPUBLICAN

Mark a Cross in the CIRCLE UNDER the EAGLE

ROBBED OF \$10,000

Woman Allowed Obliging Stranger to Carry Her Suit Case

Wlaona, Minn., Nov. 3.—Mrs. W. F. Jahn of Rollingsstone told the Winona police that she was robbed of \$10,000 in cash. She carried the money in a suit case because she had no faith in banks.

She said she was about to board a street car when a stranger who got off the train from Rollingsstone offered to carry her grip. She allowed him to do so. When she turned around she saw the man disappearing up a hill with the satchel.

The empty grip was found later by the police in some bushes.

BOY SCARED TO DEATH

Film Witches Prove Too Realistic For Little Fellow's Nerves

Detroit, Nov. 2.—Sinclair Chissus, a 5-year-old boy of Reford, Mich., came to Detroit with his grandmother and they attended a moving picture theatre, in which Halloween hobgoblins and witches flitted vividly and weirdly about in a black void.

It was too realistic for little Sinclair. He fainted from fright and when a physician reached him he was dead. The physician said the boy undoubtedly was scared to death.

POSTCARDS UNDER THE BAN

Censors Appointed at Sub-Stations of Chicago Postoffice

Chicago, Nov. 3.—A crusade against objectionable postcards has been started by Postmaster Campbell, who has appointed censors at all Chicago sub-stations.

The three chief kinds of pictures ordered barred from distribution are: Men and women kissing, women in abbreviated costumes, animal pictures.

Man, Woman and Child Killed Ashland, Me., Nov. 2.—A railroad section man, his wife and son were killed, and his daughter was seriously injured when a handcar on which they were riding collided with a special train. The dead are "Tug" Wilson, his wife and a son, aged 5 years.

RELIGIONS IN HARVARD

Census Shows They Number Eleven, With Episcopalians Predominating

Cambridge, Mass., Nov. 3.—Eleven denominations are represented in the Harvard freshman class, according to a religious census just taken.

Episcopalians predominate, numbering 150 out of the 491 students classified. There are eighty-four Unitarians, seventy-three Congregationalists and seventy-two Catholics, thirty-eight Jews and but twenty-one Baptists.

The remaining religious sects and the number of men they embrace are: Methodists, twenty; Presbyterians, fifteen; Lutherans, eight; Universalists, seven, and Christian Scientists, three.

Lady Colin Campbell Dead London, Nov. 3.—Lady Colin Campbell, author and journalist, died after a long illness. Her suit in the divorce court a quarter of a century ago, when she obtained a judicial separation, created a great sensation.

Mrs. Stevens Re-elected Milwaukee, Nov. 2.—Mrs. Lillian M. N. Stevens of Portland, Me., was re-elected to the presidency of the National Women's Christian Temperance union.

KILLS TWO MEN IN MISTAKE FOR DEER

Hunter Also Causes Third Man to Lose One of His Legs

Mays Landing, N. J., Nov. 2.—Mistaken for deer in the gloom of the early dawn, Constant Steelman and John Yost, business men of Pleasantville, N. J., were killed, and William Jarvis of the same place was injured when a hunter fired at them in the woods near here.

Jarvis was so badly injured that he was taken to a hospital in Atlantic City, where his leg was amputated. The shooting of the men has aroused much feeling.

Charles Norcross of Ionia, who fired into the party of hunters, is in the Atlantic county jail in this place awaiting the action of the coroner. He is overwhelmed by his fatal mistake.

ITALY'S ULTIMATUM

Turkey Must Accept Peace at Once or Lose More Territory

Rome, Nov. 2.—With a view to bringing the war with Turkey quickly to an end, the Italian cabinet has decided that the porte must either accept peace immediately or lose more territory.

This means that some of Turkey's valuable island possessions in the Mediterranean will be seized unless she submits. This decision was reached at a series of secret conferences between Rear Admiral Aubrey and members of the cabinet.

The Italian government, in an official dispatch to Washington, denied reports of Turkish victories in the vicinity of Tripoli.

HAGGERTY IS INSANE

Slayer of His Three Children Is Sent to an Asylum

Boston, Nov. 2.—Thomas Haggerty, who was arrested last May on the charge of murdering his three daughters, aged 4, 7 and 9 years, and who was subsequently indicted for murder, has been declared insane by attorneys employed on the case, and this morning was brought before the superior criminal court and committed to an asylum.

The murder occurred on the top floor of a Calumet street dwelling house, when Haggerty returned to his home, after tucking his three little daughters in bed and kissing each good night, turned on the gas, stole quietly out of the room and locked the door.

"Elijah" Gets Ball

Portland, Me., Nov. 2.—Ball of \$10,000 was furnished for Rev. Frank W. Sandford, leader of the rioty Ghost and Us society, who was held for the November grand jury on a charge of causing the death of Charles Hughes, a disciple, by Anna T. Clement, Mrs. A. H. Perry, William Marsteller and William Bailey.

Live Wire Kills Lineman Somerville, Mass., Nov. 3.—Fred Coburn, a lineman for the Edison company, was killed almost instantly by electrocution when he grasped a live wire in an attempt to save himself a fall in West Somerville.

Negro Lynched by Texans Marshall, Tex., Oct. 31.—A negro was lynched near this place for attacking a white woman.

CHAS. P. O'CONNELL

Red Hat of Cardinal Will Go to Boston Prelate Soon



AMERICANS HONORED

Three Are Designated For Elevation to the Cardinalate

Rome, Oct. 30.—Most Rev. William H. O'Connell, archbishop of Boston; Most Rev. J. M. Farley, archbishop of New York, and Mgr. Diomede Falconio, apostolic delegate in the United States, are among a large number of prelates who will be created cardinals by Pope Pius at the consistory to be held Nov. 27. Sixteen other prelates will receive the red hat at the same time.

From priest to cardinal in sixteen years—such is the career of Archbishop O'Connell, a career probably without equal in the annals of the Catholic church.

Archbishop O'Connell was born in Lowell Dec. 8, 1855—his consecration as cardinal will find him still in his 55th year—the youngest of the eleven children of John and Bridget O'Connell.

"RESURRECTED" IN STREET

Big Crowd Hears Minister's Sermon as He Arises From Coffin

Seattle, Nov. 3.—Rev. James Axtell of Centralia caused a sensation in the city when he was carried through its streets in a coffin as if dead.

He was "resurrected" at the most prominent corner in the city and preached a sermon to hundreds who congregated on "A Voice From Heaven." After his sermon he was "pau beared" back to his home in his coffin.

Another Cut in Sugar Prices New York, Oct. 31.—Another cut, the second in a week, was made of 10 cents a hundred pounds in the prices of refined sugar by the American, Howell and Arbuckle companies.

Thanksgiving Day Nov. 30 Chicago, Oct. 31.—President Taft has issued the 1911 Thanksgiving proclamation setting apart Thursday, Nov. 30, as the day for rest and public worship and praise.

A Young Man's Credentials

A young man may have many credentials testifying as to his character and ability, but one of his best recommendations is his bank account. It shows thrift, economy and perseverance. Have you a Bank Account? Now is the time to start one with us.

4 Per Cent. Interest Paid on Participation Accounts.

Deposits made on or before August 15th draw interest from August 1st.

Industrial Trust Company

NEWPORT BRANCH.

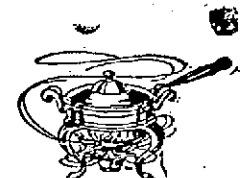
NOTICE.

Having received assurances of the hearty support and cheerful co-operation of my patrons in the half holiday movement, I will close my store at 12 o'clock every THURSDAY during the summer beginning June 1st.

S. S. THOMPSON,

172-176 BROADWAY.

CHAFING DISHES



With an ALCOHOL Lamp

you must fill the lamp, adjust the wick, strike a match, and be very careful not to spill alcohol on the table top.



With ELECTRICITY

you insert the plug and turn the switch. When this is done you can devote all your attention to the recipe.

We have the ELECTRIC kind, made by the General Electric Co. Ask us about them today

OLD COLONY STREET RAILWAY COMPANY.

Creation of a Knight.

The ceremonies at the creation of a knight have been various. The principal were a box on the ear and a stroke with a sword on the shoulder. John of Salisbury tells us the blow with the naked fist was in use among the ancient Romans. By this it was that William the Conqueror conferred the honor of knighthood on his son Henry. It was afterward changed into a blow with the flat of the sword on the shoulder of the knight.

Marke—Jack seems best on matrimony. Parker—Well, if he marries Helen she'll straiten him out all right.

A Popular Attraction.

"Yes, she's lecturing against woman suffrage." "But that's an unpopular side to take in this neighborhood." "Yes, but she draws tremendous crowds everywhere." "By her arguments?" "No; by her clothes."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Of a Kind.

She—A young wife's trials are heavy things. He—(with a growl)—So are her beauties.—Pittsburg Press.

MAYONNAISE.

The Way the Genuine Dressing Is Prepared by French Cooks.

Housewives concoct all sorts of dressings—cooked and uncooked—which they call mayonnaise, but which are not properly entitled to that name. The genuine mayonnaise as prepared by French cooks is made by combining olive oil, egg yolk and vinegar without cooking in such a way that the mixture will not curdle. The proportions of these ingredients and the method of putting them together may be varied, and mustard and similar seasonings may be added, but fundamentally the real mayonnaise is always the same. The following rule will be found a good one:

Have ready one egg yolk, one scant cupful of olive oil, three teaspoonfuls of vinegar, a saltspoonful of salt, a saltspoonful of sugar, a light dust of cayenne and a level half teaspoonful of powdered mustard. Break the yolk with a fork, beat the mustard, salt, pepper and sugar into it and when a smooth mixture has been formed begin adding the oil, drop by drop, until the whole begins to look like creamed butter. Then pour in the oil faster until all is used. While the oil is being added the dressing should be beaten constantly with a fork. Last of all, pour in the vinegar very slowly, beating the dressing rapidly while doing so. Set it on ice to stand until wanted and add it to the salad the last moment before serving.

It is well to have everything very cold when making this dressing, although excellent mayonnaise has been made without the use of ice, but the oil must not be so cold that it has begun to thicken. It is sometimes stated that the drop by drop method is unnecessary, but while success may be obtained by putting the ingredients together more quickly it is always risky to do so. The drop by drop method practically insures success. If desired lime juice may be substituted for the vinegar.—Exchange.

FRENCH POLICEMEN.

They Can't Be "Fixed," and They Are Always Polite.

The laws of France relative to the out of door life of the masses are made in the interest of the people. Furthermore, they are enforced. There is no fixing things with a French policeman. If your bicycle has suddenly been twisted into junk by a careless driver, the belted and brass buttoned gentleman who arrives on the scene questions you with intelligence and jots down in his notebook the facts of the occurrence as near as he can ascertain them. Throughout the interview he is polite, alert and painstaking in getting at the exact truth, and, whether you or the offending driver or both accompany him to the police station, he conducts you with a quiet dignity and an air of fulfilling his duty. It does not make the slightest difference in France who you are or whether or not you have mutual friends or come from his "ward," or are a relative of Congressman So-and-so. If you are at fault you must pay the damages. If the other fellow is to blame you will be ushered from the presence of the commissaire de police with as much ceremonial politeness as would be shown at a diplomatic interview.

If it is hollering hot or freezing cold and you are in need of information, go to the nearest policeman, address him as "monsieur" and raise your hat. He will immediately return you a military salute, listen attentively and give you, as carefully as possible, the necessary information, sending you again as you raise your hat to leave him.—F. Berkeley Smith, "Parisians Out of Doors."

Pie A La Chicago.

George Barr McCutcheon, luncheon at the Chicago Athletic club, praised the Windy City of his adoption.

"Chicago's refinement, say what you will," cried Mr. McCutcheon, "is not one what inferior to New York's." "Yet from the stories you'd think that in our smartest Chicago restaurants we sit in shirt sleeves and slippers. I remember one day at the Authors club in Seventh avenue, I said to a New York writer:

"Bring me a piece of apple pie."

"Yes, he returned, 'Chicago or New York, sir?'"

"Chicago or New York what do mean?" said I.

"Knife or fork, sir," explained the waiter."

Hot Weather Hints.

Don't hurry and don't worry.

Touch no alcohol. Use less tobacco than usual. Neither is wine in heat.

Don't do anything you can postpone. The peril of the battlefield is about.

Walk slowly in the sun; if you have to work in it keep green leaves or a moist cloth in your hat. They may save a stroke.

A woman forced to walk in the sun is wise if she carries an umbrella or sunshade. Women are less liable to a stroke and more liable to heat exhaustion. The latter scares less at the time; it means much in the end.

Watch all food. Touch nothing kept long. Be vigilant over the milk children use.

Unappreciated.

The attorneys for the prosecution and defense had been allowed 15 minutes each to argue the case. The attorney for the defense had commenced his argument with an allusion to the old swimming hole of his boyhood days. He told in flowery, oratory of the balmy air the singing birds the joy of youth, the delights of the cool water and in the midst of it he was interrupted by the drawing voice of the judge.

"Come out, Chauncey," he said, "and put on your clothes. Your 15 minutes are up."—Success.

"What do you think that fool composer did to my story of the celebration, and this a prohibition county?"

"What did he do?"

"I wrote 'the busy buzzing crowd,' and he set it up 'the busy boozing crowd.'"

"Well, I guess the composer knew the crowd."—Baltimore American.

NAPOLEON AND SUICIDE.

His Draft of Pelson and His Comments on Self Destruction.

It is said that when all seemed lost to Napoleon in 1814—the year before Waterloo—he thought of suicide as an end to his career. He actually took a draft of poison, but the essential element in the concoction had lost its efficacy. He, however, conquered his inclination to self destruction, which he ever afterward held in abhorrence, even during his hopeless exile at St. Helena. When during his first consulship one of his grenadiers killed himself Napoleon issued an order to the guards:

"The Grenadier Gohain has killed himself owing to a love affair. He was otherwise an excellent soldier. The first consul commands that the guards should be informed that a soldier ought to conquer the grief and bitterness of his passions; that there is the same courage in enduring with patience the pangs of the soul as in facing bravely the fire of a battery. To give oneself up to grief without resistance or to kill oneself to escape is to abandon the field of battle before being beaten."

In a conversation with Goethe, Napoleon blamed the poet for allowing Werther to commit suicide, and in 1816 he said to O'Meara:

"Suicide is the act of a gambler who has lost everything or of a ruined prodigal. I have always thought that a man shows more courage in supporting the evils that afflict him than in getting rid of his life."

TRAGIC IN ITS BREVITY.

The Story of the Duel Between Hamilton and Burr.

The story of the Hamilton-Burr duel is tragic in its brevity. The little party of five—the principals, their seconds and the surgeon—was on the ground not long after sunrise. The preliminaries were soon arranged. As Pendleton, Hamilton's second, gave him his pistol he asked, "Will you have the hairspring set?"

"Not this time," was the significant reply, and then the men faced each other.

According to the best authorities upon a disputed subject, Burr fired at the word. At the report, Hamilton started forward with a convulsive movement, reeled, involuntarily discharging his pistol into the foliage above him, and fell headlong. Burr, with an expression of pain upon his face, spring toward him, but Van Ness, his second, seized him by the arm and hurried him down the bank and into their boat.

Hamilton, being lifted up, revived for a moment and gasped, "This is a mortal wound, doctor." Relapsing again into unconsciousness, he was again revived by the fresh air of the river. "Pendleton knows," he said, trying to turn toward his friends, "that I did not intend to fire at him."

At 2 the afternoon following he had breathed his last.

The Snake Stone.

In most accounts of snake charming in India the snake stone plays an important part. When the charmer is bitten the stone is applied to the bite and is supposed to aid in his recovery. Writing in the London Field, Lieutenant L. Mackenzie gives some notes on two of these stones, which he had the opportunity of seeing. They were triangular in shape, flat and rounded, with smooth polished black surfaces. They are said to come from the hills of Tibet and to be the solidified saliva of the marhor. This animal is spoken of in Lieutenant Mackenzie's note as the "Persian snake eater." Its saliva is thought to contain an antidote to snake poison. The marhor is a species of wild goat found in India, Tibet and Kashmir.

Pic A La Chicago.

George Barr McCutcheon, luncheon at the Chicago Athletic club, praised the Windy City of his adoption.

"Chicago's refinement, say what you will," cried Mr. McCutcheon, "is not one what inferior to New York's." "Yet from the stories you'd think that in our smartest Chicago restaurants we sit in shirt sleeves and slippers. I remember one day at the Authors club in Seventh avenue, I said to a New York writer:

"Bring me a piece of apple pie."

"Yes, he returned, 'Chicago or New York, sir?'"

"Chicago or New York what do mean?" said I.

"Knife or fork, sir," explained the waiter."

Hot Weather Hints.

Don't hurry and don't worry.

Touch no alcohol. Use less tobacco than usual. Neither is wine in heat.

Don't do anything you can postpone. The peril of the battlefield is about.

Walk slowly in the sun; if you have to work in it keep green leaves or a moist cloth in your hat. They may save a stroke.

A woman forced to walk in the sun is wise if she carries an umbrella or sunshade. Women are less liable to a stroke and more liable to heat exhaustion. The latter scares less at the time; it means much in the end.

Watch all food. Touch nothing kept long. Be vigilant over the milk children use.

Unappreciated.

The attorneys for the prosecution and defense had been allowed 15 minutes each to argue the case. The attorney for the defense had commenced his argument with an allusion to the old swimming hole of his boyhood days. He told in flowery, oratory of the balmy air the singing birds the joy of youth, the delights of the cool water and in the midst of it he was interrupted by the drawing voice of the judge.

"Come out, Chauncey," he said, "and put on your clothes. Your 15 minutes are up."—Success.

"What do you think that fool composer did to my story of the celebration, and this a prohibition county?"

"What did he do?"

"I wrote 'the busy buzzing crowd,' and he set it up 'the busy boozing crowd.'"

"Well, I guess the composer knew the crowd."—Baltimore American.

MASTERS OF CHESS.

Some of the Greatest Blindfolded Players of the Past.

Playing at chess without seeing the board is a much older accomplishment than is generally known even among chess players. Boreas, an Italian, as early as 1200 played three games at once, looking at one board, but not at the other two. His three competitors were skilled in the game, but he won two games and made a draw of the third. Ruy Lopez, whose name has been given to an opening; Mangiolini, Terence Medrano, Leonardo da Costa, Paolo Bol. Salvia and others who lived between the thirteenth and seventeenth centuries were able to play the game without seeing the board. Father Sacchieri of Pavia early in the eighteenth century played three games at once against three players without seeing any of the boards.

It remained for Philidor, the greatest genius at chess known up to his time, to play blindfolded in England in 1783 against three of the best players then living, winning two games and drawing the third, surprising his antagonists and the throng of onlookers by keeping up a lively conversation all the while. Philidor's achievement as to the number of simultaneous games has been far outdone by Paul Morphy, Paulsen, Blackburne and several of their successors. But Philidor, lively Frenchman that he was, still holds the palm as a conversationalist and player at the same time.

Philidor was the assumed name of Francois Andre Danican, born at Dreux in 1726. He was educated as a court musician for Louis XIV. He composed music to Dryden's "Alexander's Feast" and to many operas, all long since forgotten. Danican's fame does not live in music, but as Philidor, the chess player. As a chess player he visited Holland, Germany and England. In 1740, while in England, he published his "Analysis of Chess," a work which has taken its place among the classics of the game. He died in England Aug. 31, 1795.—Exchange.

HIS UNIQUE ANTIQUES.

They Were Sold One by One, Yet the Set Remained Intact.

An old curiosity dealer of Paris recently found a new snare for the eternally gulleible dresler. He put in his window five dolls dressed in vaguely medieval clothes. Collector No. 1 came in and asked to buy one of them. The dealer could not divide the lots, as they were a valuable set, representing the five senses. After long persuasion the amateur at last carried one off at a very long price.

Collector No. 2 followed. Could he have one of the dolls? "Out of the question, sir; a most valuable set, representing the four seasons." After more long persuasion and at a still longer price one of the dolls was sold. When amateur No. 3 called the three dolls were the three graces, a most valuable set, which could not be divided. By offering an enormous sum he carried off one of them.

Amateur No. 4 called and wanted to buy one of the two dolls. What was monsieur actually proposing? The two dolls were Adam and Eve, sculptured and dressed by some forgotten medieval artist. The pair could not possibly be parted. The collector eventually carried off Adam for a gigantic sum. Amateur No. 5 called and asked: "How much for that curio? Evidently an odd one of a set."

"An odd one of a set?" screamed the dealer. "It is a unique piece. Does not monsieur perceive that it represents Agnes Sorel, the favorite of Charles VII.?" And the amateur secured the unique piece for a fabulous amount.—Paris Cor. London Telegraph.

He Was Observant.

The supervisor of a school was trying to prove that children are lacking in observation. To the children he said, "Now, children, tell me a number to put on the board."

Some child said "Thirty-six." The supervisor wrote sixty-three.

He asked for another number, and seventy-six was given. He wrote sixty-seven.

When a third number was asked a child who apparently had paid no attention called out:

"Theepty-threen. Change that, you damned faker!"—Everybody's.

Fish at Billingsgate.

Fish is sold in London shops at a stated price per pound, but the retailer in getting his supplies from Billingsgate has to purchase each kind by a separate weight or measurement. He buys soles by the pound, plaice by the stone, mackerel by the sixty, cod by the box, eels by the draught, haddock by the steamer trunk, crabs by the barrel, lobsters by the score, whitebait by the quart and periwinkles by the hundredweight.—London Globe.

The Proper Place.

"I understand that the leading lady and the prima donna had a violent quarrel."

"Yes."

"How did they settle it?"

"Oh, they went to their dressing rooms and made up."—Woman's Home Companion.

Not Reassuring.

"Do you think you will like married life as well as you do your club, dear?"

"Yes, quite sure, darling."

"Are you so very fond of your club?"

"Not very, darling."

A Berlin Rough House.

There is, or was, in Berlin a certain cafe where rudeness is the keynote of the waiting staff. Every patron who enters the restaurant is hustled roughly into a seat, abruptly interrogated as to his wants and finally has to submit to seeing his food thrust before him with as little ceremony as one might show to a stray dog. This cafe is, of course, one of the many "freak" restaurants which abound on the continent, and the entire scheme of rudeness is simply a device to attract customers in search of a new sensation, which undoubtedly they secure.

RIDING A CAMEL.

A Strenuous Task That Promotes a Love of Walking.

Riding a camel is by no means an easy or enjoyable method of locomotion, according to the description given by Mr. M. J. Randall in his book, "Snail in Spring."

"If asked 'How do you ride a camel?' I reply invent as many attitudes as you can and employ them all in turn; adjust and readjust the rugs and cushions on which you sit; ride straight; ride crooked; ride with stirrups made of rope; ride without them; blith first your right knee round the front pommel, then your left knee; stretch your self wide legged over the saddlebags regardless of the breeches, dates crockery, etc., which they contain until nature commands you to make a less obtuse angle; ride side saddle, if you can persuade your Bedouin that it is possible to do so without prejudice to the camel. Ride how you will and when you will, but, above all—walk. Not only is the shank himself glad—at your suggestion, but not otherwise—to mount for awhile, but it is a lesson in graceful riding to watch him perched up there, heaven knows how, in some oriental way you have never dreamed of, and it is a lesson in courtesy to mark how at every turn of the road he offers to forego his pipe of peace—chilbuck and post of comfort and descend to the sand, leaving you to lumber his beast of burden."

LUGGAGE IN ENGLAND.

None of It Goes Astray Because the People Are All Very Honest.

Certain strangers within our gates have been wondering at our dealing with passengers' luggage—how much better the system of other countries, where you get a receipt and when the bag goes astray the official assures you it is impossible because there is the receipt. So you go to bed and get up and dress in your bit of paper.

Our method is insular and on the face of it chaotic. We throw our luggage to the mercy of some unknown porter. At the end of the journey we find a sort of lucky tub of portable property piled on the platform, and we plunge about and pick out what we want. You know the scene—a hundred people who have only to say "That's mine" to a strange porter in order to get it.

Thus badly stated the system looks like chaos and the invitation to a general scramble for other men's goods. In practice it works out well, for every one, from porter to passenger, is on his honor, and this is the point—luggage in England is safer than in any other civilized country.—Westminster Gazette.

The Steamboat.

Fulton himself said one day: "Neither M. Desblandes nor I invented the steamboat. If that glory belongs to any one it is to the author of the experiments at Lyons—of the experiments made in 1783 on the Saone." The one Fulton had in mind and to whom he thus generously rendered the "glory" was the Marquis de Jouffray, born in 1751, fourteen years before the year of Fulton's birth. Jouffray's claim to be regarded as the inventor of the steamboat stands thus: His vessel, built in 1783, notwithstanding its faulty construction, embodied all the elements essential to success. In it he anticipated Watts' invention of a steam engine having a constant and unremittent action. Lack of funds was the only thing that stood in the way of his getting all the honors that came later to Robert Fulton.—New York American.

The Laugh on Edison.

There are many stories of Edison. One of his early childhood is recorded on the authority of his only sister. When he was about six years old he found out that a goose belonging to the family was sitting. Later he saw the surprising result in a number of goslings. One day he was missing. He was sought everywhere, but no one could find him until at length his father discovered him in the barn curled up in a nest he had made and filled with goose eggs and hen eggs. He was sitting on the eggs and trying to hatch them!—London Tatler.

Synonyms.

The French Canadian always has trouble with the aspirate "th." At a debating club in the province of Quebec members were required to draw a slip from a hat and debate upon the subject they received. A young countryman arose.

"I have drew the word 'bat.' I must told you dere is two, tree different kind of bat. Dere is bat wot you play the baseball wit, do bat wot Iy in de air at night and also de bat where you take de swim."—Success Magazine.

After the Honeymoon.

"Anyhow, Jack, you cannot say that I ran after you at the time of our marriage."

"You never spoke a truer word, Martin, but neither does the mousetrap run after the mouse, yet it catches it all the same."

Shorn.

"Miss Ella, was your hazaar a success?"

"Glorious! All the men had to walk home!"—Megendorfer Blatter.

His Last Residence.

Lawyer (to witness)—Now, then, Mr. Murphy, give us your last residence.

Murphy—Falth, sor, Oi dunno, but I'll be the cemetery. O'm thinkin'!

Behavior is a mirror in which every one displays his image.—Goethe. The vast pocket veto decides, they say, But it won't be "it," you bet. In the coming times when votes are cast By the stylish suffragette.

He (rejected).—Then you regard me

merely as a summer lover, a convenient escort to excursions and picnics? She—That's about the case, George. I have looked upon you as a lover in the picnician sense only.—Boston Transcript.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature

of

In Use

For Over

Thirty Years

CASTORIA

Changes in Word Meanings.

Many common words have once had a meaning very different from the one we now give them. "Silly" once meant blessed. "Fond" meant foolish. A "fond father" was a foolish father. Milton writes:

"Doth God exact day labor, light denied? I fondly ask." A "passenger" was one who was passing along the highways—a foot traveler. Now it means one carried by public conveyance. A journey meant a day's travel.

"You'd think 'twas a journey to Twickenham town." Now a journey may mean a trip across continents or around the world.

"Rather" is the comparative form of an old word, "rathe," meaning early. "The rathe primrose."

Now we have made it mean "some-what," and we have lost the first meaning entirely when we say, "You are rather late."—McCall's Magazine.

The Three Pigs.

There were three pigs in a poke. The overcrowding was scandalous.

Each accounted for the evil in a different manner. "The first pig said, 'The overcrowding is terrible; it is because we are in a poke.'"

The second pig said, "This overcrowding is disastrous; it is because we are pigs."

The third pig spoke as follows: "The overcrowding is undoubtedly appalling, but you are both mistaken as to the conditions that have caused it. It is not due to our being in a poke; neither is it due to our being pigs. The evil is the direct and inevitable outcome of certain spasmodic variations in the law of economic utility."

The other two pigs were much impressed and without more ado elected the third pig leader among them. Still the overcrowding remained as bad as ever.—Life.

Dueling.

It is generally agreed that dueling took its rise from the judicial combats of the Celtic nations. The first formal duel in England was that between William Count of Eu and Godfrey Baynard about the year 1000. Dueling was at its height in France about 1800, though it was pretty popular as late as 1828, in which year Francis I. sent a challenge to Charles V. In England dueling was checked in the army in 1792 and gradually disappeared from civil life with the coming of a more enlightened public opinion. Dueling was never as popular in this country as it was in Europe, but nevertheless many famous duels have been fought here. The code may be said to have received its death sentence when Burr killed Hamilton. The decline after that was steady until it practically died out.—New York American.

An Aged Iceberg.

"When I was in the arctic," once said General A. W. Greely, "I found an aged ice berg in which the fearful stratifications of growth could be traced with great accuracy. I measured them and by careful calculation was able to discover that the oldest layers of that ice probably dated back to the years when Solomon was building his temple. That temple, massive as it was, has utterly perished, and men differ as to its exact site. But that ice was still in existence when I was in the polar seas, and it may be there yet. You see, a bit of fresh water ice, once lumbered in a salt sea that has a constant temperature of about twenty-eight degrees, cannot very well perish. It is in a sort of perpetual cold storage plant, colder than its own melting point. And that accounts for the long endurance of what in our climate would have lasted perhaps but a few brief seconds."

Not Going That Way.

"Miss Adkins, there is something I desire very much to ask you."

"Oh, Mr. Villalston—I mean, Fred—I'm sure I should be delighted to hear—that is, I mean what is there that you can possibly wish to ask me?"

"Would you be willing to go on a long journey with me?"

"A very, very long journey, Fred?"

"Yes, a very, very long journey."

"Yes, I will go with you. Of course I—I suppose it is the journey that a man and a woman take together only once in a lifetime?"

"Well, as a rule I suppose it would not be taken more than once. You see, my mother and I are thinking of taking a trip to Japan, and she thought it would be nice if I could find some one who would be willing to go as a sort of traveling companion and maid to her in return for having her expenses paid."

"Oh! Well, you just tell your homely mother that when I wish to hire out I'll look for some other kind of a job."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Father's Dilemma.

A parent's life is one long responsibility. It's a wonder that so many of the genus discharge their duties so acceptably. A writer in the Cleveland Plain Dealer has discovered another parental problem, or perhaps he merely calls attention to one which many fathers have discovered for themselves.

"How's the family?" one inquired of a happily married west sider yesterday.

"Well, my children are at a difficult age now."

"Difficult? Why, they've all passed the measles and teething stage, have they not?"

"Long ago. But you don't know a father's troubles. My children are at the age where if I use slang my wife says I'm setting a bad example, and if I speak correctly the kids think I'm a back number. Which would you do?"

In a Japanese Sleeping Car.

It was at night we had our first experience in a Japanese sleeping car. The track is narrow gauge, and the standard sleeping cars have six seats running lengthwise, each seating two passengers, with a center aisle. The upper berth is the regular Pullman style, and a section will accommodate two passengers. The night was during the extreme heat of midsummer, the car was crowded, and in addition to the regular curtains each berth was provided with a mosquito bar, which added to the general discomfort. Passengers were taken on and let down at all stops, so there was a constant procession through the aisle all night. Part of the car was reserved for local accommodation, and those who sat up smoked incessantly, so that long before morning the atmosphere became intolerable.—Railway Age Gazette.

Riches have wings, the wise men say, But as the years have slipped Along some few have found a way To have those pinions clipped.

—Washington Star.

"Every man ought to know how to swim."

"Right you are. If I had learned the art when a boy I

Where Diamonds Lie.

In the South African diamond fields the gems are found in what are called "pipes," which are round or oval masses of a peculiar kind of rock, several acres in extent at the top, and running down to unknown depths into the earth. Near the surface this rock, which is rich in iron, is disintegrated by exposure to the weather and assumes a yellowish color. The precious pebbles are readily extracted from the friable rock.

Deeper down the "pipes" changes character. The rock becomes a comparatively hard, blue mass, much more difficult to work. Yet it is still sprinkled through with diamonds, lying embedded in the moulds where nature made them. This blue rock has to be exposed to the weather or treated with water before it will yield up its treasures.

Now it is clear from nature and appearance of the diamond bearing rock that it is of volcanic origin and the volcanoes, whose fires died out probably thousands of years ago. When we consider that the diamond mines are located at a high temperature, we cannot think that the gems contained in these ancient pipes of rock were brought there from the interior of the earth while the rock was in a molten condition.

It is far more probable that, under peculiar conditions of pressure and temperature, they were formed where they are now found while the rock was cooling off. It remains to be learned what the real conditions of their formation were.—Harper's Weekly.

The Boy Was In Earnest.

In a Scottish village a small boy raised a hubbub in the parish church on Sunday. His mother brought in a sheep's head, and put it on a stool, leaving him to watch it while she went to church close by.

The minister had reached his fifthly when the boy thrust his head in at the door and whispered "Mither."

The good woman recognized her son instantly and began to make signs for him to go away.

"Mither," again came the whisper—this time louder than before.

The mother shook her finger at the boy and her head, too. But he did not work satisfactorily. The boy was in earnest.

Raising his voice, he shouted: "Mither, ye needna wuk an' blink at me, but ye'd better cam' awa' home at once, for the sheep's head's buttin' at the dumplings out o' the kail pot."

Sharing the Good News.

The alarm clock went off with a ring. Curly woke up with a start and sprang out of bed with a bound.

"My, it's a foggy morning!" he exclaimed. But he discovered to his delight that he had set his clock wrong and had still two hours of blessed sleep.

He did not return to bed at once. He slipped on his shoes and tiptoed along the passage. Then he stepped before a door and banged it lustily with his knuckles.

"Confound it!" growled a voice, another in silence. "Time to get up!"

"No, you've two hours yet," replied Curly.

"Two hours?" exclaimed the smothered voice angrily. "Then, why on earth have you wakened me?"

"Why, to warn you," observed Curly as he retreated; "for I made the same mistake myself."—Answers.

Ignorance.

John Mitchell, apropos of the sticking blouse-makers, said at the Colony club in New York.

"Our opponents show a ludicrous ignorance of these young girls. Our opponents rather incline to regard these girls as the young lady regarded the miners' excursion. 'Once off Atlantic City a coast barge was wrecked and the storm washed great quantities of coal up on the white sand. Two young ladies came down from the Marlborough-Blenheim and strolled up and down the beach. 'Dear me!' said the younger one, lifting her white skirts daintily. 'Where does all this coal come from?'"

"There was a miners' excursion from Carbondale yesterday," her companion replied, and I believe most of the miners bathed."

All the Bargains Were Gone.

An American of hitherto undoubted veracity tells this story of a restaurant in Berlin to which he and a friend went one evening. The fare and the meals were so good and the people about them so amusing that they lingered on and on. When at last they rose to go the American's hat was not to be found.

"What sort of hat was it, mein herr?" inquired the stolid person in charge.

"It was a new top hat," said the American briskly.

"Ach, but, mein herr, all the new hats have been gone for half an hour!" said the smiling German, placidly.—Exchange.

Helping the Coffee.

Some of the coffee sold roasted and ground causes complaint. Most of it can be improved a little. Trouble seems to be that it is not roasted enough and needs another touch of fire. You know the less it is roasted the more it weighs. Put a couple of tablespoonfuls in a seamless agate quart steepsan or cup and set it on the stove, gas or blue flame and shake it while it gets another want paroling, never letting it get hot enough to smoke or scorch. Set it aside till it gets cold and then pour on the water and finish up in the regular way.—New York Press.

Didn't Hit Him.

John Wesley had a reputation for cheerfulness. In his journal he writes: "I preached in Halifax to a civil, sensible congregation. Three or four gentlemen put me in mind of the honest man at London who was so gay and unconcerned while Dr. Sherlock was preaching concerning the day of judgment. One asked, 'Do you not hear what the doctor says?' He answered, 'Yes, but I am not of his parish.'"

Sensitive.

Stranger (in Pittsburgh)—Do you have aldermen at large in this city? Native (irritably)—Oh, try that in vaudeville!—Pack.

When a sheep in Australia was being thorn a startling's nest with one egg was found in its wool.

The Use of Tobacco.

If a man who uses tobacco will give up for one day each week he will keep himself from becoming a "tobacco fiend." This is the advice of a well known doctor, who says that quite a number of men, including himself, have adopted this plan.

"By leaving off tobacco for one day a week you give your system time to get rid of the effects of the drug," he said.

"You will then enjoy your tobacco far more, too, because you have become unaccustomed to the flavor, and it is therefore more enjoyable when you resume smoking."

"The effect of tobacco is a general sedative action on the nervous system, which diminishes the power of taste and smell. That is why tobacco smokers seldom or never smoke."

"Leave it off for a day, and the sense of taste returns. Not only that, but leaving off tobacco for one day voluntarily breaks the tobacco habit, exercises the self control and prevents one from becoming a slave to the habit."

"Slaves to the tobacco habit suffer from irritable hearts, loss of appetite for breakfast, eye trouble, sometimes going as far as blindness, chronic catarrh of the throat and nervous depression."—New York American.

The Stake in the Game.

A party of apaches entered a Paris cafe to have a game of billiards. The game was carried on in great mystery and absorbed all the interest and attention of the players. They had an enemy who was to be "done for," and whoever lost the game was to "do" him. When the game was over the loser accepted the result without discussion. Not long afterward a workman was stabbed fatally as he was coming out of a dance hall. The man who had stabbed him quickly disappeared, and the workman was placed in a cab and driven to an address which he had given. This was to a certain street where a sister of his was living. The man was barely able to get out of the cab and to explain that he had been stabbed. His case was so serious that he was conveyed to a hospital and died a few hours later. The police then made an inquiry and learned how the murder was deliberately decided upon and savagely executed. The workman himself did not know that his life was staked on a game of billiards.—Paris Cor. London Telegraph.

Why He Went to Market.

It usually happens in this way: "Jim," says Mrs. Mason, "I see that the best butter is 3 cents cheaper at the market than it is at there at our grocery store. This is market day. Would you mind going down there on your way home and getting me a few dozen eggs and some corn and a few?" "Oh, I'm awfully sorry, dear," breaks in Mr. Mason, "but this is going to be my busy day. I won't be home till pretty late, and there are a lot of extra things that I simply must attend to, and."

"Never mind, dear," says Mrs. Mason. "I'd just as soon do it myself, but I haven't any money, and if you will leave me a ten dollar bill!"

"Come to think of it," breaks in Mr. Mason right there, "I won't be so very busy today. I was thinking about next week. I'll go to the market for you very gladly."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Serpents and Music.

Barnard concludes from his personal observation of cobras in Ceylon, says the Scientific American that the serpent's traditional love for music is a pure fable and that the only effect of music is to arouse the reptile's curiosity, which is excited by any loud and acute sound. The cobra protrudes its head from its burrow alike on hearing the snake charmer's flute, the rattling of a chain and the sounds made by beating the ground with a switch. It appears to perceive only sounds of high pitch, for it pays no attention to the low notes of the flute or the beating of the drum. Barnard also confirmed, in Ceylon, the results of observations made in the London zoological garden on the supposed power of fascination exerted by serpents upon birds, and he concludes that this power of fascination is also purely imaginary.

It Was Certainly Lucky.

"Speaking of Irish wit," said Senator Ferris, of Utah, "a railroad man—a section foreman—had his brother over from Ireland recently, and one Sunday morning he took him along the line of the railroad to see some of the fast trains rush by. Finally they stopped just at the entrance to a tunnel, and waited until an express, running at the rate of 80 miles an hour, tore past them and with a roar disappeared in the tunnel."

"Tunnel, what do you think of it?" asked the railroad man of his raw Irish brother.

"I was just thinking," said he, shaking his head, "that it was mighty lucky the train didn't miss the hole."—New York Herald.

Animals That Smoke.

The writer was extracting solace after the petty worries of the day from his well seasoned brier when it was suddenly revealed to him what sort of creature he really was in an extract he happened across from a work on "The Common Use of Tobacco." "There are but three kinds of animals which generally use tobacco—the rook goat of Africa, whose stomach is so insufferable that no other animal can approach it; the tobacco worm, whose intolerable plague gives to every beholder an involuntary shudder; and the third animal—what is he?—London Chronicle.

The Hessian Fly.

The Hessian fly is so called from the fact that it was brought to this country in straw, used in 1786, when the Hessian cavalry was imported to fight the Americans. It made its first appearance on Staten Island near the stables of the Hessian troops, and soon traveled over Connecticut spreading throughout New England and the west at the rate of twenty miles a year.

"Where were you born?" asked the judge of election. "Haw! I got to answer that question!" Insulted the man who wished to vote.

"Yes, that's the law." "Well, sir, I was born in th' steerage, if ye're got 't down."—Chicago Tribune.

Eat your bread stale and not fresh if you want to avoid indigestion. Slice it, dry in the oven and toast a delicate treat.

Getting A Scoop.

"I had no thought of calling on the president when I went to Beverly," said the drummer. "Indeed I had forgotten he was there would a startling incident happened. I saw about 100 men around with notebooks and pencils, and I took them to be advance agents of aeroplanes. The next day after my arrival I was riding out to a buggy, when I noticed a cloud of dust whirling toward me along the highway. I made out that it was an auto coming at a 60-mile clip and I headed to the side of the road to let it pass. It whizzed by like a streak of lightning, but I got sight of the face of a man and recognized it in two hours later."

"You might have run me down on the road this morning," I said to him. "You were going at an awful clip."

"Were you trying to make a record?"

"O, no."

"Going for the doctor in a case of life and death?"

"Something more important than that."

"Another earthquake in California?"

"No. I had feared on the best authority that President Taft had succeeded in reducing his weight seven ounces since yesterday morning and I was in a hurry to telegraph it to my journal as a scoop."

"And you beat all the rest of the boys?" I asked.

"Clean out of their boots and I am now looking for a raise of salary every minute!"

His Experience.

"Jaeger," said Mrs. Grigson, who was looking over the morning paper, "here's a story of a story of woman who was robbed in a street car, in broad daylight and yet the thief got away unscathed."

Mr. Grigson said that he had seen the item, but that it was either a typographical error, or else the story was pure invention.

"Why do you say that?" asked his wife.

"Look at the item again. It says her purse contained \$100 in currency; does it not?"

"Yes."

"It says also there was a receipted bill for a \$5 hat; does it not?"

"Yes."

"Well, no woman with \$100 in cash in her possession would buy a \$5 hat."—National Monthly.

Like a Gas Meter.

"Don't judge a man by appearances," said Mayor Marshall at a banquet in Columbus.

"Jackson Wentworth, after an absence of 10 years, returned to the home of his youth. Jackson had a slight affection of the skin which made his nose very red. Hence when he called at the parsonage the old minister remarked:

"'Jackson, Jackson, my man, I'm afraid you've become a hard drinker.'"

"Don't judge by appearances," Dr. Stentley," said Jackson Wentworth. "I hardly average two glasses of beer a week."

"Well, then," said the minister, in a soothing voice, "I guess your face; Jackson, is like my gas meter. It registers more than it consumes."—Philadelphia Record.

Why He Knew.

He was a country physician, a kindly man, who loved his patients. No night was ever too cool for him to get out of bed and ride 10 to 12 miles to the bedside of a sick man. But at last there came a case of discord. A woman became very ill, and her little daughter was standing at the front gate. A kindly neighbor came by with an inquiry about the mother's health.

"She's going to die," said the little girl, solemnly.

"How do you know?" asked the neighbor.

"That doggoned old doctor says so, replied the child angrily. "And I guess he's right. He knows what he gave her."—Popular Magazines.

Visiting Ethics.

The two children were playing in the yard at the home of Constance. She remembered the teaching of her parents, but she wished to play a certain game and Taylor desired to play another game.

"You ought to play my game," said Taylor, "because I'm your visitor, and you ought to do what I want to do."

Constance realized the truth of this, yet did not wish to give in to her little friend.

"Let's go over to your house, Taylor," she said.—Indianapolis News.

The Misprints.

A noted clergyman was in his study writing when his 6-years-old daughter walked in and asked:

"What are you writing, papa?"

"I am writing a sermon, my dear."

"How do you know what to write, papa?"

"God tells me what to write."

"After watching her father for a few minutes, the little girl said:

"Papa, if God tells you what to write why do you scratch some of it out?"—The Bins.

He Won the Trick.

"Oh, George, dear," she whispered when he slipped the engagement ring on her tapering finger, "how sweet of you to remember just the sort of stone I preferred. None of the others was even so thoughtful."

George was staggered but for a moment. Then he came back with: "Not at all, dear. You've made me. This is the one I've always used."

She was inconsistent enough to cry about it.

"What's the first word in the dictionary?" asked the student.

"The article 'a,' of course," replied Mr. Growcher.

"And what's the last word?"

"Ask my wife. She's an expert on the subject."—Washington Star.

"The Hague has done much toward promoting peace in the world." "Yes," replied Miss Cayenne, "and so has Reno."—Washington Star.

"Has she any sense of humor?"

"I don't think so. She can look at her hat without laughing."—Lippincott's.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

"The Union Forever."

At a banquet given in Philadelphia last night, Senator Johnstone of Georgia and Dr. James P. Kimball of Red Lodge, Mont., were neighbors and each found it a matter of regret that the occasion promised to be "dry." So the doctor exerted himself to find a beverage more to their liking than ice water.

Under the mellowing influence of the result of his efforts, the doctor and the senator conversed freely and discovered that they had faced each other at the battle of Antietam, Dr. Kimball having been on Gen. Patrick's right wing, while Senator Johnstone was on Gen. Jackson's left.

At the conclusion of the banquet the senator laid his hand upon the shoulder of his new found friend and with a glance at the empty bottle said in deep gratitude: "Doctor, I am glad I did not kill you."—Lippincott's Magazine.

His Thoughtful Wife.

"I hate to boast," said a Cleveland lawyer, "but my wife is one of the most economical women in the world."

"The other day she told me she needed a new suit. I said she ought to have it, by all means, but asked her not to spend a big bunch of money with out letting me know about it. Well, the next day she said: 'The tailor said, he couldn't make that suit for less than \$150. I thought it was too much, but told him to go ahead.'"

"Well, I suppose it is all right," I said, "but why didn't you consult me first?"

"Why, dearie, I didn't want to spend car fare for two visits."

"I tell you, it's these two little economies that count, eh?"—Cleveland Press.

Reassuring the Professor.

A professor of Yale university, who was one of a party which undertook to penetrate the depths of a Nevada mine for scientific purposes, relates a startling incident in connection therewith.

During the professor's ascent to the ordinary manner, by means of a bucket and with a miner as a fellow passenger, the scientist perceived symptoms of a weak place in the rope.

"Do you often change your ropes, my good man?" he asked, when about half way from the bottom of the shaft.

"We change 'em every three months," was the reassuring reply of the man in the bucket, "and we change this one tomorrow, if we get up safe today."—Lippincott's.

Solved The Mystery.

Senator Rayner, the wit of the senate, told at a dinner in Baltimore, a story of the south.

"A northerner," he said, "was surprised during a southern tour by the number of Tallapoosas he found everywhere. Doctors, lawyers, undertakers, clothiers—all seemed to be Tallapoosas. The northerner put up in nearly every town at a Hotel Tallapoosa, and if he wanted a cigar a Tallapoosa sold it to him."

"He couldn't understand it at all— till one day, motoring through a splendid country, he saw a tremendous mill that bore to vast letters the inscription: 'Tallapoosa Manufacturing Co.'"

"'Oh!' said he. 'So they turn them out by steam.'—New York Tribune.

Wanted Too Much.

The haughty ordered by a middle-aged splinter was late, and the cabby came to for a good rating when he finally drove up to the door.

"I shall probably miss my train," the late "fare" informed him, "and I shall hold you responsible. I want to know your name, my man. Do you understand? I want—your name!"

"The driver clucked up his horse eagerly. 'You'll make your train at right, madam,' he assured the woman inside.

"And I'll let you have me number if you like. But you can't have my name. That's promised to another young lady."—Philadelphia Times.

The Old Gag.

Mrs. Lillian B. Rowe, at an advertisement writers' dinner in Denver, said of the harem skirt:

"It will soon be so widely worn that the old gag, perpetrated in the '40s on men, may profitably be revived for women victims."

"Some sharper, you know, will revive the gag by advertising in the Ladies' Own."

"Send \$1 and learn how to keep your bare skin from becoming flayed at the bottom."

"Thousands of dollars will pour in, and to teach victim the sharper will reply:

"Wear knickers."—

Willing to Support Proxy.

Albert Tiedemann, a freshman of the University of Pennsylvania, was called upon to vote for officers in a recent gathering. Not being well acquainted with the nominees, he thoughtfully hesitated before flinging out his ballot.

One of the company left the room with the explanation that he would "vote by proxy."

"So will I," said Albert, and with his pencil poised above his paper, leaned over to a companion on his right and asked:

"Say, what's Proxy's first name?"

Growing Aweary.

"And so you have come here every summer for five years?" said Harold to Myrtle.

"Yes."

"But I should think you would have grown tired of seeing the same hills and the same trees and the same lakes and the same bluffs."

"Well, I do get tired of the same old bluffs, even if they are made by different men each year."

Ambiguous.

"Did your late employer give you a testimonial?"

"Yes, but it doesn't seem to do me any good."

"What did he say?"

"He said I was one of the best men his firm had ever turned out."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Balked.

"You got a raise in pay, didn't you?"

"Yes, but it didn't do me any good."

"Why not?"

"I talk in my sleep, and my wife und out about it."—Toledo Blade.

Too Much Papa.

This bit of humor and pathos is from the Hawaiian Star. "An amusing incident is related of a young service man who had relinquished her husband for two years and who, having before his departure insisted on a good photograph, applied herself assiduously to the upbraiding of her two year old baby with view to the child's familiarity with her distant father. Each day she would call the baby girl to her and, kneeling beside her, would hold up the photograph, pointing out each feature to the child."

"One day the officer came home, and the baby girl, then four years old, was summoned. 'Come dear,' said her mother in glee, 'papa has come home at last!'"

The child surveyed the officer in per perplex and finally shook her head.

"What's the matter, dear?" asked her mother. "Well," replied the child, he looks something like my papa, but my papa hasn't any legs!"

Wit Of An Irish Priest.

Among the clerical humorists of Ireland, Father James Healy stands out prominently. On one occasion when a pretty child was proudly shown him by her mother he remarked:

"My dear child, you'll have a blue look-out as long as you live!"

The mother's face at first clouded, but immediately after brightened up when she saw the smile on Father Healy's face for the child had blue eyes.

Once Father Healy was asked how he would describe a Scotsman and in answer, assuming as he spoke the Scot's accent, said:

"A Scot is a man who keeps the Sabbath and livin' thing else that he can git."—Boston Advertiser.

Hitting the Doctor.

As today, in the days gone by the doctors were made the target of the jesters' fling.

Pausanias, the Spartan general, when asked by a physician how it was that he was never ill, exultingly answered: "Because I never consult you."

At another time Pausanias said that the best physician was the one who dispatched his patients with the least possible suffering.

Pausanias, strongly disapproving of a certain physician and his methods and berating him in no mild terms, was asked by a friend how, as he had never consulted that particular doctor, he could be so sure of his statements. Pausanias answered: "Well, had I consulted him would I be living today?"

How It Worked.

"Yes," says the man with the sad eyes, "my wife got a lot of fashion papers and patterns and made her own spring dress. She figured it all out that she was going to save a lot of money."

"And did she make the man with the sad eyes?"

"Did she? Say, it worked just like building a house by one of those sets of plans and specifications for erecting a four thousand dollar home for two thousand."

The Retort Sarcastic.

That new family next door borrowed our ax again this morning," his wife told Jones.

"Well, why did you lend it to them, he complained.

"How could I help it?"

"You might have given them some kind of an excuse."

Historical and Genealogical.

Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed: 1. Names and dates must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. Make all queries brief and to the point. 4. Write on one side of the paper only. 5. In answering queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature. 6. Letters addressed to contributors or to be forwarded must be sent in plain stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and the signature. Direct all communications to: MRS. A. TILLEY, Newport Historical Rooms, Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1911.

NOTES.

HIGHBOTHAM—William Tisdale had two (2) brothers, Henry and Samuel who respectively married in Little Compton, R. I. descendants of Mayflower passengers—i. e. Richard Warren and his wife.

In 1757, 7 days before Joseph Hammond married his second wife, he died 800 acres to his daughters Lucy and Rachel.

"April 30, 1775 Lucy Tisdale, wife of William Tisdale (house carpenter) with her son, Joseph Tisdale died 60 acres of the above land.

The home of Rachel and Lucy Tisdale was not more than a mile from that of Henry Sherman.

Joseph Tisdale, brother of Lucy, afterward Mrs. Henry Sherman, was born 1755, died January 20, 1840.

"Nathaniel Niles (born 1677 who married Mary Hannah 1699) was a large land holder in South Kingston, R. I. He built and occupied a fine house near the village of Wakefield. This house is still standing and in perfect order owing to the following circumstances—After descending in direct succession through three (3) generations of the Niles family, it was sold in the early part of the 19th century to Rowland Hazard, whose descendants now claim it as a Hazard Homestead.

A few years ago, the present owner and representative of the Hazard family had every piece of lumber removed, except the main stud and dimension in its place. At this time, the house stands as it did when built by Nathaniel Niles. Mr. Thomas R. Hazard, son of Rowland, named the old house "Dalecarilla" from a fancied resemblance to a house of that name in Switzerland. The house is square with a roof so peculiar in construction as to attract the attention and interest of many noted architects.

Tradition, partly verified states that (1) Dr. Charles Higginbotham was a graduate of the "Royal College of Physicians" of London, England. (There is only an imperfect honor roll in print. No Higginbotham on the list).

(2) Dr. Charles went with a brother to Barbados W. I. in 1720. Soon afterward Charles came to the Colony of Rhode Island and married there. The other brother remained in Barbados, lived to an old age, died unmarried leaving a large estate which was never claimed by any American heirs.

"New England Historical and Genealogical Records" Vol. 89 page 182 April 1886 reference is made to a book called "Early Inhabitants of Barbados" compiled by Samuel Briggs, Cleveland, Ohio. This book contains a list of land owners of Barbados in the 18th century among them—Higginbotham.

(3) Dr. Charles H. is said to have had two sons, names unknown, and family tradition tells us that he and these two sons were in the Rev. Army.

(4) Dr. Charles H. as surgeon and his sons as officers. The sons died unmarried. In the office of "State Record Commissioner" Providence, R. I., is a faded roster on which is a list of soldiers, among them—this "Higginbotham—Charles, private—Capt. Blackman Co.; Col. Lippitt reg. Sept. 1, 1776—Oct. 80 Deceased Oct. 80."

The Col. Lippitt referred to was the brother of Catherine Lippitt who was the first wife of (3) Niles Higginbotham, so it may well be that the "Charles Higginbotham" mentioned may have been a brother to (3) Niles and one of the two unmarried sons of (2) Charles.

(5) Charles Higginbotham son of Niles and Catherine Lippitt had two sons, Harlow Bauds and (6) Charles, and was the grandfather of Mr. (H) Harlow Niles Higginbotham of Chicago, Ill. As Mr. (H) Harlow Bauds H. was Mr. Harlow Niles H's uncle, Mr. Charles must have been Harlow Niles H's father.

The mother of (H) Harlow N. H. married a second time, her second husband being Joseph Sutphen, son of Mr. Sutphen who married a daughter of (8) Niles Higginbotham, Joseph Sutphen was thus the cousin of her (Mrs. H.) first husband. History repeats itself.

(H) Harlow Niles Higginbotham's uncle Harlow Bauds H. lived in Allegan, Mich. (H) Harlow Niles H. was born 1838—S. N. G.

QUERIES.

6569. TAYLOR—Edward Taylor of Leicester, Mass., married Elizabeth. They had 8 married, born 1716; Edmund, born 1721; Bartholomew, born 1723; Adonijah, born 1725; James, born 1731. Who can give me the ancestry of Edward Taylor, and the maiden name and ancestry of his wife Elizabeth?—M. S.

6570. REYNOLDS—Joshua Clarke, born August 29, 1705, married 1727, Sarah Reynolds, born October 21, 1709. What was her parentage?—R. M.

6571. RICE—In Col. John Topham's Regiment, in the Revolutionary War, 1778, there were several of the name of Rice. Can any one tell whether they belonged to the same family? Rauldall Rice was Esquire, and there were Caleb, William, and Isaac, private. I should like information in regard to this family.—B. P.

6572. ROBINSON—William Robinson was executed at Boston, October 20, 1639. Was he a Friend, and persecuted for his religion?—W. E.

6573. RIDER—William Dye, Jr., married at Little Compton, R. I., 1703 Elizabeth Rider. Robert Barrett married Mary, daughter of Richard Warren, of the Mayflower. Their daughter, married Samuel Rider, of Yarmouth, December 23, 1656. Was Elizabeth, wife of William Dye, their granddaughter, and if so, who were her parents?—A. M.

6574. PORTER—Robert Porter emigrated from England and came to Farmington, Conn., settling there in 1640. Does any one know the date of his birth, and his home in England? He married first Mary Scott, daughter of Thomas and Ann (—) Scott, of Hartford, Conn. Has any one the maiden name of Ann (—) Scott? He was born November 12, 1648. Whom did he marry and when did he die? Robert Porter himself died in 1699.—E. W.

6575. DENISON ROGERS—Elizabeth Denison, daughter of General Denison married John Rogers (of Nathaniel). She was born 1641, died June 13, 1723. Children were Elizabeth, Margaret, John, Daniel, Nathaniel, Patience. He died July 20, 1684, aged 43 years. Can any one supply the dates of birth of the children?—D. H.

6576. BURNHAM—Who was Mary Burnham, who later of marriage to John Andrews 4th, of Ipswich, Mass., were published December 10, 1741? Who was the Mary Emerson, whose intentions of marriage with John Andrews 4th, were published at Ipswich, March 18, 1741? Is this a mistake, or were there two John Andrews, called 4th?—J. B.

6577. MARSH—I want to learn the ancestry of Daniel Marsh one of the first settlers of Claremont, Vt. He was born to December 1748. He had a brother named William and a nephew named Jacob and Amos. While I do not know his father's name, as Daniel named a son Gurley Marsh, I have good reason to believe that his mother was that Eunice Gurley mentioned in the Gurley genealogy as marrying a Marsh. It would seem that the father lived at or near Mansfield, Conn., at the time of his marriage to Eunice. The early settlers of Claremont came from Connecticut and Rhode Island and were united by ties of marriage or friendship. Hence I believe the Marshes were of Rhode Island descent.—O. E. C.

The author of the "Cornell Genealogy" is about publishing a 2d edition of the book. He will be grateful to any one who will give him items to make it more complete and correct than the 1st edition. Address: REV. JOHN CORNELL, 7-18m Cornell Farm Newport, R. I.

CRAWFORD NOTCH TO BE TAKEN BY Granite State Authorities

Concord, N. H., Oct. 31.—Acting in accordance with an opinion handed down by Attorney General Eastman, Governor Bass and his council last night took the first steps toward the acquisition of Crawford Notch as a public preserve when they ordered a survey of the territory.

The legislature voted in favor of the proposition at the last session, but through an error on the part of a clerk the copy of the act submitted to the governor and signed by him did not have an amendment which had been passed providing for an unlimited appropriation.

Last night Eastman gave it as his opinion that the governor and council has full authority to complete the taking of lands required by the payment of damages from any money in the treasury not otherwise appropriated. The council immediately ordered the survey.

APPLIES TO ALL STATES

Federal Safety Appliance Act interpreted by Supreme Court

Washington, Oct. 31.—A sweeping interpretation was given by the supreme court of the United States to the federal safety appliance act.

The court holds that the law is violated by shipments from one point in a state to another point in the same state. If carried in a car not properly equipped but which is used on a railway that is a highway for interstate commerce.

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QUALITY

AND TO

Reduce Prices.

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Music Store,

140 Thames Street.

Turkey Supper

Given under the auspices of the

Ladies of St. Mary's and Holy Cross Churches

at FAIR HALL, Portsmouth R. I., November 15th, 1911.

Supper served, commencing at 6 p. m. Tickets 60 cents.

Dancing free.

Newport and Fall River cars pass the door. 10-25-2w

VOTE FOR ALBERT M. STEINERT THE DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR GENERAL TREASURER

Albert M. Steinert as a business man, does not believe that it is good, sound business judgment that a man should be permitted to hold an office of great financial responsibility twelve consecutive years and then ask him to stand for the thirteenth term.

In other States the people long ago decided that such a tenure was not a healthy one and need not be. They did this through Constitutional laws too, laws which have not been repealed; hence they must remain acceptable.

Massachusetts prohibits the holding of the office of General Treasurer by any one man for a longer period than five years consecutively. Illinois and Nebraska make the limit two years; Maine, five; Montana, Mississippi, Indiana and Missouri, four years. Other States have similar laws.

Isn't it time that Rhode Island swung into line with the same kind of wise business legislation?

Mr. Steinert will, if elected to the office of General Treasurer, establish and maintain a business administration. He believes that the public—Rhode Islanders—should be made directly interested in the affairs of the State. No surer way of securing that interest can be devised than by making the people holders of State bonds.

Mr. Steinert will recommend the issuing of these bonds in small denominations, that small investors, preferably Rhode Islanders, may acquire gilt-edge State-protected securities, the kind which insure absolute competence for the widows, orphans and the aged; the kind which holds fast small trust funds.

VOTE FOR ALBERT M. STEINERT THE DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR GENERAL TREASURER

One Season That Never Ends

The season of unlimited possibilities for limited purchases—It never ends in the stores of Titus where things of unusual merit and attractiveness find their way through the tremendous purchasing power of the biggest buying combination in New England. Individual instances of it are presented to you each day but in a whole year they total but a hundredth part of the offerings you ought to know about. Whatever you want and whenever you want it remember Titus can supply it better and for less than any one else.

The Rocking Chair of polished quartered oak doesn't offer the first suggestion of a little price. Nothing cheap in its appearance, nothing questionable in its construction, yet Titus methods place it in your home for

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Death expecteth thee everywhere; be wise, therefore, and expect death everywhere.—Quarles. Thy secret is thy prisoner; if thou let it go thou art a prisoner to it.

There ever was a specific for any one complaint, then Carter's Little Liver Pills are a specific for sick headache, and every woman should know this. Only one pill a dose. Try them.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS.

NEWPORT, R. I.

CITY OF NEWPORT.

WHEREAS, TUESDAY, THE SEVENTH DAY OF NOVEMBER, A. D. 1911, being the Twenty-ninth day of the first Monday in November, 1911, is the day appointed by law for the election of the General Assembly, and the day for the election of the General Treasurer, and the day for the election of the General Auditor, and the day for the election of the General Assessor, and the day for the election of the General Comptroller, and the day for the election of the General Registrar, and the day for the election of the General Clerk, and the day for the election of the General Secretary, and the day for the election of the General Treasurer, and the day for the election of the General Auditor, and the day for the election of the General Assessor, and the day for the election of the General Comptroller, and the day for the election of the General Registrar, and the day for the election of the General Clerk, and the day for the election of the General Secretary, and the day for the election of the General Treasurer, and the day for the election of the 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